HENRY FORD Predicts what the Future Has in Store for Us

Liberty

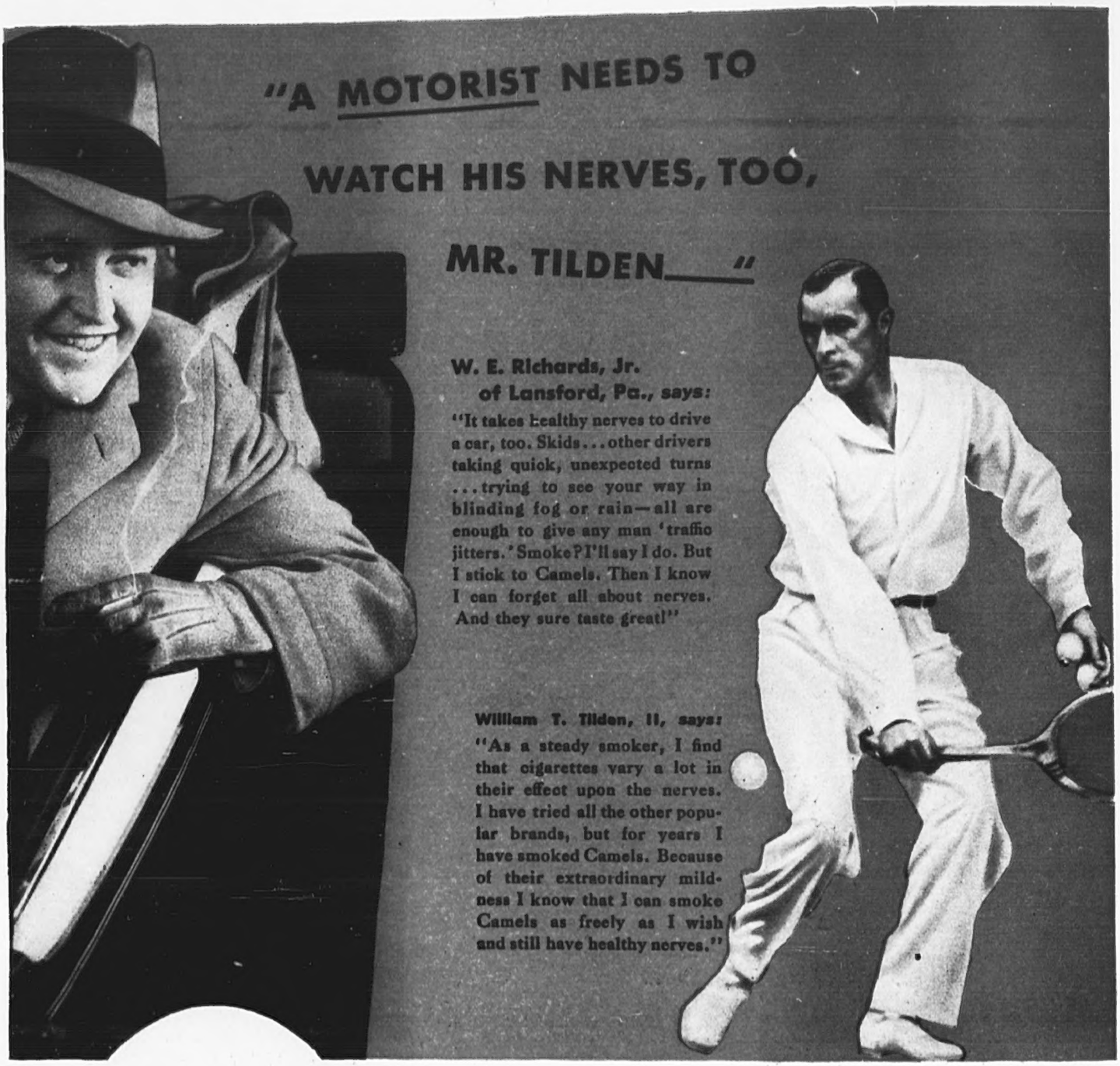
5¢

APRIL 14, 1934

NRA MEMBER U.S.

WE DO OUR PART

a crouch


"A MOTORIST NEEDS TO
WATCH HIS NERVES, TOO,
MR. TILDEN___"
W. E. Richards, Jr.
of Lansford, Pa., says:
"It takes healthy nerves to drive a car, too. Skids... other drivers taking quick, unexpected turns ...trying to see your way in blinding fog or rain—all are enough to give any man 'traffic jitters.' Smoke? I'll say I do. But I stick to Camels. Then I know I can forget all about nerves. And they sure taste great!"
William T. Tilden, II, says:
"As a steady smoker, I find that cigarettes vary a lot in their effect upon the nerves. I have tried all the other popular brands, but for years I have smoked Camels. Because of their extraordinary mildness I know that I can smoke Camels as freely as I wish and still have healthy nerves."

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

Jittery nerves are everywhere in our high-pressure modern life. You know them by such signs as telephone-slamming, nail-biting, key-rattling—frowning and worrying.

If your nerves are not always what they should be, study your habits that might affect them—your eating, your sleeping, your recreations. And get a fresh slant on your smoking by starting on Camels.

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand.

Camels never get on your nerves. You can smoke one after another...with increasing enjoyment. Camels are so mild, so delicate—packed with the pleasure of finer, costlier tobaccos!

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Never get on your Nerves
Never tire your Taste

APRIL 14, 1934

Liberty

VOL. 11, NO. 15

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

SOAKING BUSINESS WITH THE INCOME TAX

CARTOON BY JOHN CASSEL

IN a government that is intelligently directed, the principles behind taxation are, first of all, to place the load where it will be felt the least; second, to avoid as much as possible the restriction of business or promotional activities.

The income tax is a popular " football " for our legislators. It is kicked around everywhere as needed when endeavoring to balance the budget.

The fact that such a tax restricts and materially handicaps business activities is rarely recognized. Every dollar taken from an executive or a worker engaged in active business slightly lessens his ability to advance his interests.

Business is the lifeblood of the nation. It is the foundation of everything worth while in advancing the nation's financial power and influence. And the men who have advanced themselves sufficiently to pay income tax might be termed national salesmen —they " sell " the nation to our own citizens and to the people of the world. They give the nation stability and dependability.

And yet we handicap these selling representatives by fining them in the form of an income tax!

Suppose that General Motors or any other huge corporation should say to their salesmen:

" From every dollar you earn you must return a certain percentage to the company." Would such a rule add to their selling ability? Would it increase their interest and enthusiasm?

There is only one answer to that question. We know that the salesmen of every corporation represent the highest form of labor. They are paid the big salaries. They are given bonuses for increased sales. Everything possible is done to arouse their enthusiasm, to create interest and ambition. The organization keeps them " pepped up " with every possible encouragement.

But turn to the salesmen who are selling these United States. Does the government pay bonuses to the men who are making and promoting this country? Does it offer special inducements for hard work and overabundant enthusiasm?

No! Our policy is just the reverse. We fine, penalize the enthusiastic hard worker by compelling him to pay an income tax.

It is the government's duty to encourage initiative, to reward genius, to build up creative power and ability in its citizens; but the income tax is a discouraging check upon promotional efforts.

In making these statements the writer is not influenced in the slightest degree by the personal effect of the income tax. Some time ago he divested himself of his fortune—turned it over to a beneficent charitable foundation. These statements are made with the realization that the government is, after all, a huge corporation, and the question that the average executive in such an organization would ask should be equally forceful to our government officials.

" How can we build a great nation? "

And the answer will in every instance be:

" By developing individual units to the highest possible degree of efficiency."

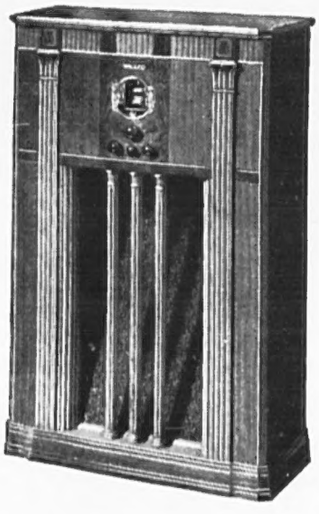
The penalty imposed by the income tax upon individual efforts is a subverting force that should be avoided. The proper time to tax the superexecutives who are building our nation is through an inheritance tax. Take whatever we want as a nation from them after death—after their work has been done; for then taxes cannot restrain or restrict the products of their genius.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 4

Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1934, by Liberty Publishing Coporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year.

Only PHILCO can give such Value!

EVERYONE wants a PHILCO—it has such fine tone, such marvelous performance, such beautiful cabinet workmanship! *PHILCO outsells all others*—and because of this tremendous demand, can give the greatest values on the market today! From the popular Baby Grands to the magnificent Inclined Sounding Board Models—All-Wave or Standard—each is supreme in its field.



PHILCO 19x—$75

This handsome, new 19X is an outstanding example of the value only PHILCO can give. Here is a radio of exquisite cabinet work, great power and exceptional tone. Its Patented Inclined Sounding Board brings the artists to you "as if in person." Its powerful chassis provides remarkable performance.

Ask your dealer for a demonstration of this or any other new PHILCO—the greatest name in radio!

$20 to $600 *All prices subject to change without notice*

PHILCO AUTO RADIO $39.95

Listen to BOAKE CARTER *over key Columbia Stations*

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

PHILCO
A musical instrument of quality

CONTENTS

Editorial 3

What the Future Has in Store for Us 5
as told by HENRY FORD to HICKMAN PRICE

A Good Rememberer—*A story* ..... IDA M. EVANS 8

A Machine with a Soul? ..... GEORGE F. CORNERS 14
The electrifying facts about a scientific miracle that overshadows the famous fantasy of Frankenstein

The Silent Killer ..... T. A. BURKE 16

The Private Life of Rudy Vallee—*Part II*
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS 18

Harum, Scare 'Em, Hepburn—*Movie reviews*
BEVERLY HILLS 23

Twenty Questions 25

Every Other Inch a Gentleman—*Part IV* 26

Destroyer—*Part VII* ..... FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN 36

Good Books of the Month ..... OLIVER SWIFT 44

To the Ladies! ..... PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 45

It's the Split-Second Flash that Makes the Champion
How the nick of time and the knack of timing rule in the world of sport
FRANK "BUCK" O'NEILL 46

In the Palm of His Hand—*A short short story*
MARGARET K. WILLIAMS 50

Mutiny in a 3-C Camp! ..... WALTER V. WOEHLKE 51
A lively chronicle of ups and downs among 300,000 young Americans who are learning to be MEN

Old-Fashioned Love Story ..... ELMER DAVIS 54

Rendezvous—*Conclusion* ..... EDGAR BOULIGNY 56
as told to WILLIAM ROBERTSON

Cross Word Puzzle 63

Vox Pop 64

$3,000 Game of States Contest 66

Cover by A. CROUCH

★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

BEGINNING

THE SHE-DEVIL

BY RUPERT HUGHES

A great new novel of today's daughters

★ ★ ★

HOW THE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL TEAMS SHAPE UP THIS YEAR

The Cubs and Senators look best, but never before has prophecy been so nearly impossible, says the game's most famous forecaster

HUGH FULLERTON

★ ★ ★

OTHER STORIES AND ARTICLES BY
MAJOR HERBERT O. YARDLEY ● SARA HAARDT ● C. C. RICE ●
BATTELL LOOMIS ● FRAZIER HUNT ● AND OTHERS

What the FUTURE Has in Store for Us

as told by

HENRY FORD

to

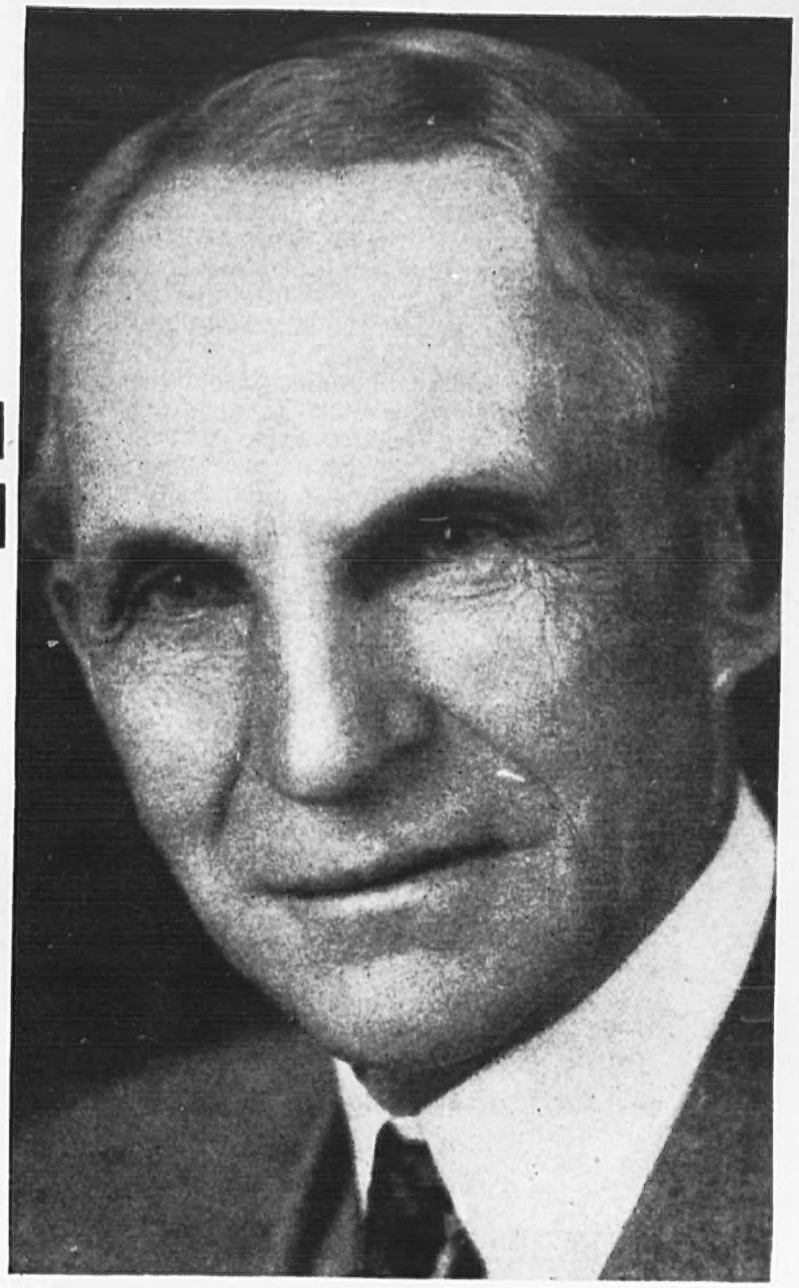
HICKMAN PRICE

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

MORE than ever it is becoming apparent that whatever cycles of activity and rest—or of prosperity and depression, as we say—await us in the future, we may view their coming with confidence if we establish and maintain the proper balance between agriculture and industry.

You will notice that I do not abolish the cycle, as some of our economists do. There seems to be a pulse and a rhythm in things—activity and rest, rise and recession. But why this should mean "good times" and "hard times" I cannot understand. I think that the inactive periods could be made into very "good times" if we used them properly, if we prepared for them as we do for Sunday or for the summer vacation.

To get a true perspective, we must realize that farming is a basic business. Farming is natural, and certain



The New World in Which We Shall Live

HENRY FORD SAYS—

● The factory is going to move out into the country. The fancy name for this is the decentralization of industry. It means manufacturing in a vast number of small plants all over the country. This will benefit every one. It frees society from legislative doles and unemployment, and gives stability to the buying power of workers everywhere.

● After all, our nation is composed of thousands of small communities. If a majority become centers of creative, gainful effort along these new lines, we need not worry about the future.

● Life will become less on edge, less filled with needless anxiety. Its reward will be satisfying, because more just.

● Our country will live again once it gets into production. Production is the basis of circulation, which means life. Unless money is employed in production it is valueless as dead leaves.

parts of our price system are unnatural—that is where difficulty arises. We have been trying to mold farming on an artificial financial system instead of molding our money methods after the mold of nature. In the end, you know, it is the natural that will win out. The living thing bursts everything that would confine it.

The reason I am so interested in the proper coördination of the farm with the factory is just this: First of all, they are both natural things. They belong together. They have always been together until recent years. Almost every one can remember when every farmer had his workshop and every city institution had its garden.

We have two feet and two hands—we should have two sure ways of getting a living. The farm and the factory belong together, like two hands and two feet.

What is going to bring the farm and industry together? Why, the factory is going to move out into the country. The fancy name for this is the decentralization of industry.

This means manufacturing in a vast number of small plants all over the country instead of in large centralized factories. Thus would be developed rural industry as opposed to fabrication in oversized cities. This will benefit every one.

We can do this now because we have learned the lesson of mass production in cities. That period was not a mistake. But it might be a mistake to prolong it. We can now take what we have learned in crowded industrial centers and use it to good advantage in the better conditions in the village.

The breaking up of huge plants into many small ones takes place almost automatically under certain conditions. And it frees society from legislative doles and unemployment, and gives greater stability to the buying power of workers everywhere.

Obviously, a transition of such magnitude cannot occur overnight. However, it is in sight, and the experience of the last four years will hasten it. We simply cannot go on exposing our economic life to the hazards now jeopardizing it.

It is conceivable that most of the manufacturing processes of our company might well be decentralized until they were divided into some thousands of small groups.

We have five thousand three hundred outside suppliers working for us now, and this could be increased ten times through smaller village plants.

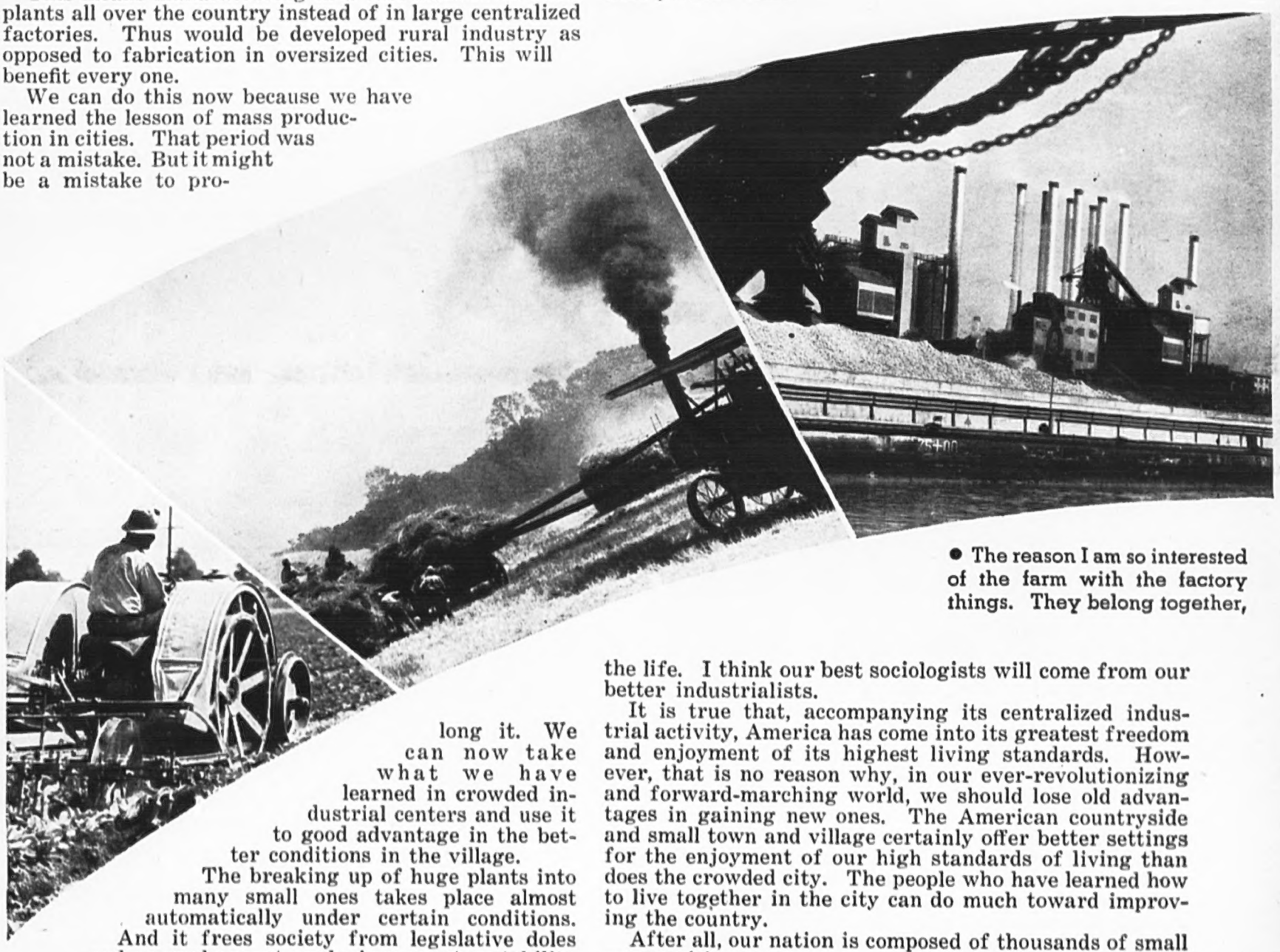
It is only a little while ago that business men were trying to estimate how large a business could grow and still be properly managed. The limitation of management was the problem.

The answer to it is—control the design and specifications, and the rest is simple. Now this principle, which was established in the interest of increasingly large plants, is the very principle which permits the decentralization of large plants into a large number of smaller ones.

But I must add this caution:

We cannot trust to tendency to complete this movement. We must work at it. We must guide it by experience. This work of decentralization requires as careful planning as building our centralized industries required.

It will require patience, experience, and good will to do it properly. The profit motive is not enough. The human motive must enter. To build a balanced life for our people is a bigger job than building an industry, but you must have the industry before you can build the life. I think our best sociologists will come from our better industrialists.



• The reason I am so interested of the farm with the factory things. They belong together,

It is true that, accompanying its centralized industrial activity, America has come into its greatest freedom and enjoyment of its highest living standards. However, that is no reason why, in our ever-revolutionizing and forward-marching world, we should lose old advantages in gaining new ones. The American countryside and small town and village certainly offer better settings for the enjoyment of our high standards of living than does the crowded city. The people who have learned how to live together in the city can do much toward improving the country.

After all, our nation is composed of thousands of small communities.

If a majority of these become centers of creative, gainful effort along these new lines, we need not worry about the future. Hand in hand with its increased material prosperity will develop social advantages and moral assets, which are the foundation of our American way of life.

We have been overemphasizing the importance of money. We have not given proper attention to sane, clean living.

We have come dangerously close to losing our vision, courage, and faith.

Nothing contributes so much to an appreciation of real values as profitable living in the open country or in small communities.

It is the one best place to raise a family in this modern age with its conveniences and means of keeping in touch with the world.

As industry is decentralized, profits will be spread so that every one can enjoy the good things life has to offer.

Decentralized industry has many compensations. Recognition of the rewards accompanying it will result in its general adoption.

You don't need a very vivid imagination to see at least a few of the benefits of decentralization.

Living will become simpler, less costly, altogether more agreeable.

Life will become less on edge, less filled with needless anxiety. Its reward will be satisfying, because more just. Things will be done more quietly and systematically. Life will be led with comfortable, cheerful regularity.

These grievous wasteful periods of uncertain duration between the times of intense feverish activity and those of enforced idleness will be taken care of as easily as we prepare for day and night now. There will be ample time for everything, including the amenities which feed famished affections.

I don't understand why so many taxes should be loaded on all farm lands and equipment. This certainly is a shortsighted policy.

Agricultural states will go a long way in rehabilitating their basic industry by studying the requirements of justice in the matter of farm taxes.

And maybe the homes of workingmen should be tax-exempt too—or only nominally taxed. Homes that are simply homes should never be burdened or jeopardized by taxes.

Who knows but that an entirely new and humane system of taxation is on the way?

Producers of essential food, shelter, and clothing products should be freed from needless tax burdens. Doing away with these taxes will make the partnership between land and factory all the more desirable and effectual.

Although we have been thinking otherwise, we must recognize that, after all, land is the essential basis of our national security.

The country is built out of the land and the people. They belong together.

Likewise, we must see in proper perspective land in relationship with the machine. The two worked together by the same brains and hands will bring an equilibrium and stabilization which we cannot now fully appreciate.

It will mean that each worker has two strings to his bow—one to produce the necessities of life on the farm, the other to produce gainfully manufactured goods. Thus will his buying power be established and maintained to a gratifying and undreamed extent.

Our existence up to now has been most primitive compared to the life we have every right to expect in the future.

I am accustomed to say we are only in the stagecoach period of things as yet.

But we plainly cannot go very much farther, the way we were going.

We must face the necessity of making some obvious changes.

Village industries, when men live on farms with the aid of modern methods, will bring an urgently needed improved state of society. We have falsely assumed that we were living in a finished society. Nothing is finished yet.

On the contrary, everything is waiting to be done. There was never more work that simply cried out to be tackled than there is today.

The measure of the falsity of the economic system under which we live is its success thus far in keeping the workers and the work apart. And don't overlook the fact that this false system begins by divorcing men from the land.

Our country will live again once it gets into production.

Production is the basis of circulation, and circulation means life.

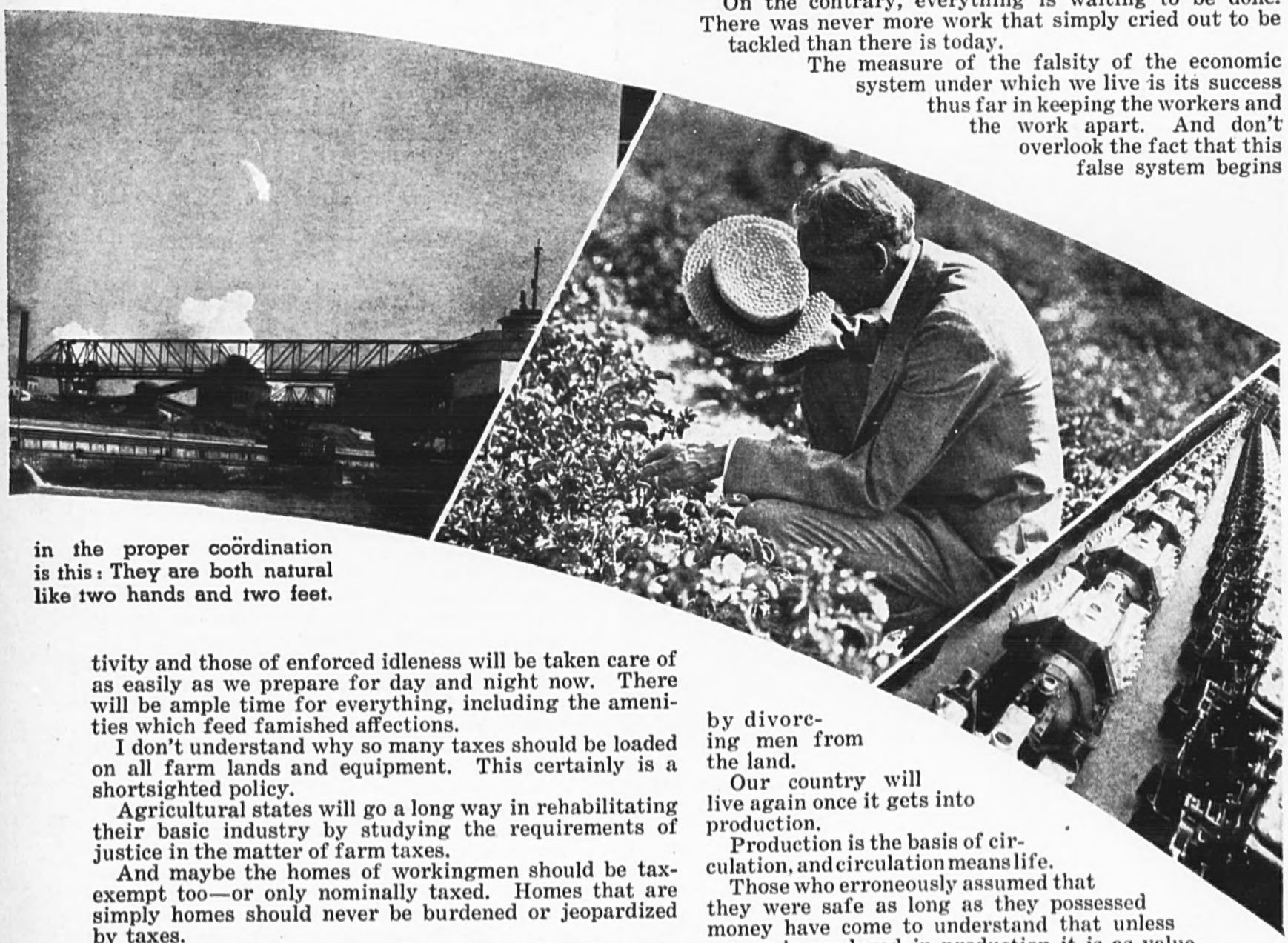
Those who erroneously assumed that they were safe as long as they possessed money have come to understand that unless money is employed in production it is as valueless as dead leaves.

Everywhere, commercial, industrial, and financial breakdowns bespeak the overemphasis which has been placed upon money. After all, money is simply a means of exchange for services and goods.

Our trouble has come from thinking entirely too much of the importance of money and not sufficiently in terms of work and goods.

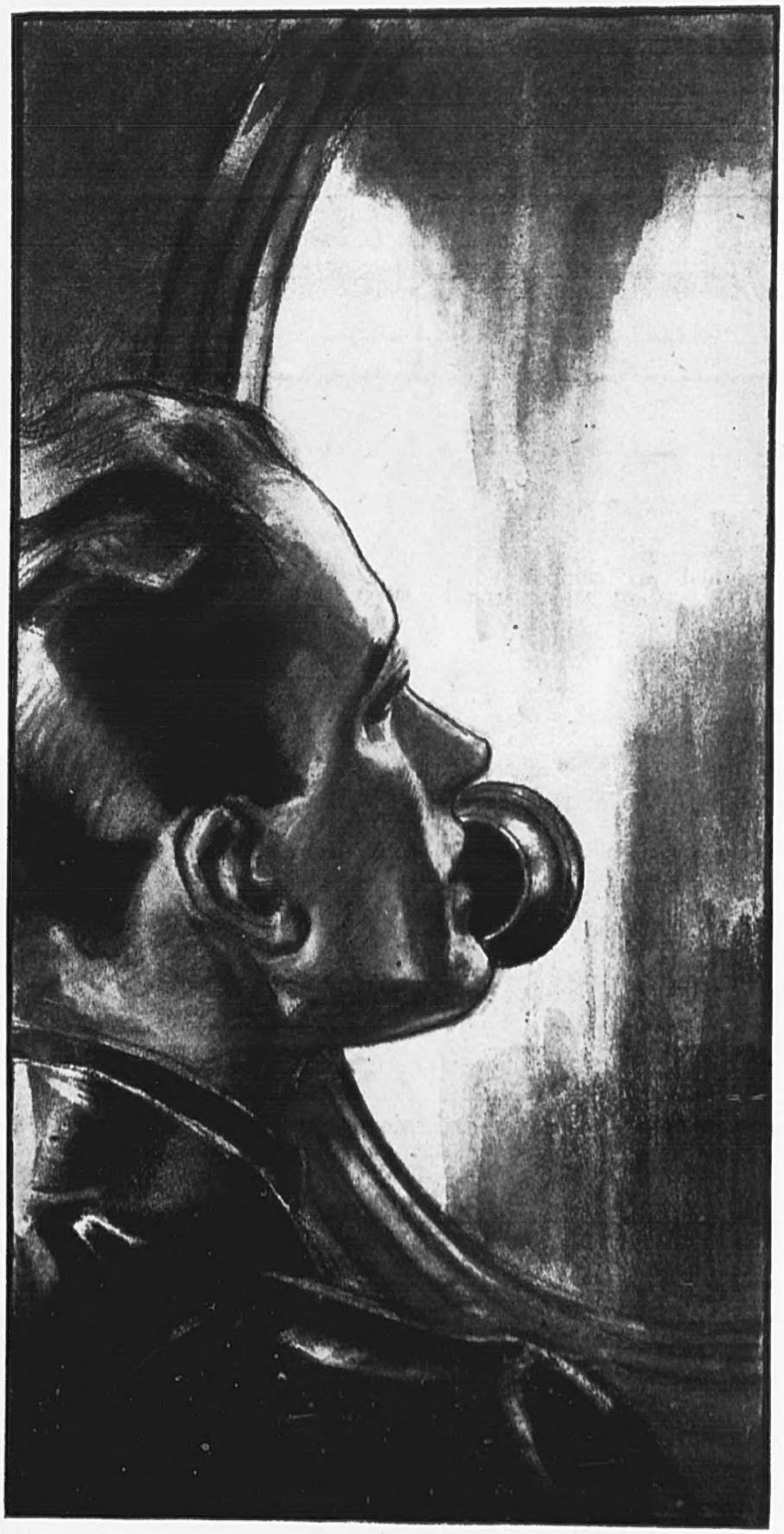
We shall reveal an altogether new universe when we cease to worship gold and think in terms of honest, intelligent service in behalf of our fellow men. Nothing else will usher in the universal brotherhood so earnestly sought by every one.

THE END



in the proper coördination is this: They are both natural like two hands and two feet.

A Good Rememberer



● The telephone buzzer woke him. The voice at the other end was Aline's.

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

A GOOD rememberer. James Peatty prided himself on his cold memory of his childhood wrongs and miseries.

At thirteen he had run away from a grudged home with relatives in a small Mid-Western town. In the dark basement of his mind the picture was turned to the wall, but never forgotten: A thin, cold, hungry, sullen boy sniveling from a one-story frame house in a chilly November dawn, to find bread and bed and, maybe, fortune. He did not really expect fortune.

Thirty-three years later the picture had become a curiosity, like a fly-specked print. He turned it face about from the wall sometimes and looked at it without excitement, though always with a recurrence of old bitterness. But he never exposed it to others for sympathy.

Even at thirteen the lone-wolf capacity for self-aggrandizement must have been inherent in him. He got along. He begged and worked his way to New York. He was a miserly helper around the docks. He saved; at sixteen he had a fruit stand on lower Sixth Avenue; at eighteen he voted profitably; at twenty he owned ten shares of a good municipal stock; at twenty-five he owned a brokerage office and some real estate out on Long Island where frontage was so cheap that men later became sick to their stomachs over neglected opportunity. James Peatty did not become thus ill. Instead, his thin lips contracted slightly in a contented smile.

Even in his thirties he found himself mentioned often by the Associated Press; and his opinion on national and international finances was quoted by newspapers.

He had never married, never loved; perhaps never even desired a woman until he met Aline Beecher. A persistent bitter memory is a serum against later emotionalism.

Aline Beecher was a singer in a broadcasting studio. She was twenty-eight years old. She had a rich, warm, haunting voice. James Peatty, dialing his small but excellent walnut set in his hotel suite one evening for news of London's privy reaction to the fall of the dollar, heard a contralto fragment, rich, warm, and haunting, " I'll be faithful—"

Of all words in any language, perhaps faithful is most compelling to the ears of men and women, be the ears evil or beneficent. It embodies all that good or bad men hope for, or dream of, or wistfully long for.

A few weeks later he met her in the apartment of a broker friend. She had rich, warm, haunting brown eyes. A knot of thick black-satin hair lay low on a full creamy neck. She had a large generous mouth which needed no rouge.

James Peatty himself was not an ugly man. His mouth was thin; his gray eyes were cold; his smile was both thin and cold. But he had a forceful profile and gray-flecked dark hair. He dressed well.

They became friends, even intimates. Her rich warmth of voice and personality exercised a surprisingly strong fascination for him. So he phrased it. Another man would have said, " I'm in love, dog-gone it! "

They lunched and dined together. It became a weekly habit. He took her to theaters when her hours permitted, although he had never cared for theatering. He bought flowers for her, and books.

He heard about her own life. She had been the daughter of a policeman killed on duty. Her mother, now dead, had had a hard time; three children under twelve, mean rear rooms as a home, washing and scrubbing for meaner-tempered women, " welfare " baskets for holidays, never three pairs of holeless shoes for three school children at the same time, sometimes no food at all.

HEARING her story, James Peatty was encouraged to tell his own. His father, a railroad engineer, had died when he was two. His mother had died five years later, leaving him to the care of a cousin Minnie whose husband was a brakeman. Aunt Minnie and Uncle Mart—as he called them—had six children of their own. Uncle Mart drank and was mean in temper. They lived in a shabby five-room frame house across the tracks. Aunt Minnie had a quick hard palm; the mark remained for hours on small cheeks. His eldest cousin, Mabel, ambitious to stand well at school, vented on him much of her ill humor over dishwashing and a kitchen too noisy with quarrelsome children to allow her to master her mixed decimal fractions. There was never enough food for him; winter nights, not enough bedclothes.

At eleven, he went into the sixth grade. The teacher, Old Maid Hollister, was the terror of boys. She used a heavy wooden ruler on the knuckles of poor spellers. He spent two years in her room. And in the second year he worked before and after school hours in old Dan Stinewell's grocery store. Old red-faced Stinewell was a tyrant too; always looking for fault to find, edgy over the cash drawer.

One rainy November evening he had broken a glass jar of the best vanilla, about four retail dollars' worth. The red-faced grocer whacked him well, and said he might work it out. He was getting one dollar a week, which his Aunt Minnie took toward clothes. So, at dawn, he ran away from the frame house and school and store and the town of Aeterna.

When he had ended the rather dry recital, Aline Beecher said gently, " Poor little runaway."

Impulsively she added, with tears in her warm brown eyes, " To me, the two most pitiable objects are a baby bird fallen from the nest and a small boy without a mother."

Absently he did not apparently hear her but went on, with a curious satisfaction of intent voice, " I've never ceased to hate them. Every one. And that town, Aeterna. And I've never answered a letter or a post card. After I became rich and my name appeared frequently in newspapers, letters began to come." His faint smile was thinly hard. He looked at her for a continuation of her words of understanding.

She said slowly, not looking at him, " You are a good rememberer."

That was all she said.

● He thought she repeated under her breath, "My dear," like a mother.

Here Is a Deeply Moving Story of Hate and Forgiveness and Woman's Love—And a Man Who Made the Surprising Discovery that He Had a Heart!

by

IDA M. EVANS

He was puzzled as the days went on to discover that a change had come over the texture of their friendly intimacy.

For months he struggled against his own perception. She was busy. All singers are temperamental. Reluctantly he conceded that there might be a younger man. But surely she would have told him.

The fact remained that she had become a part of his life, his days. She had liked him well. She had been glad when she saw him; she had admitted him into the warm intimacy of her days, her impulses, and her hopes.

And—from that warm intimacy she had definitely and surely removed him.

He wondered why. The wonder became a dull ache.

At his desk, or reading, or in bed, he pondered. He felt alone and friendless, as when at thirteen he had run away from familiar faces.

As the days went on and became weeks, he endured the ache dully. He found her singing over the air intolerable, yet he must listen, dialing station after station nightly until he had heard even the electrical transcriptions of her rich haunting voice.

"I'll be faithful—"

THE weeks went into dull months. And finally all intercourse between them had drifted into nothing.

Several weeks later, Dan Stinewell, retail grocer from Aeterna, was ushered into Peatty's private office.

It was a mistake. The office had had a recent brief business connection with a local attorney named Stinewell.

James Peatty frowned in question at the advancing small old man of bright-blue eyes and weazened cheeks, in a ten-year-old crumpled brown suit, who held out a gnarled hand.

"James Peatty, I bet you don't recognize me."

"You are right."

"You used to sweep out my store," the visitor chuckled.

James Peatty recognized him. But he did not rise. He ignored the affable old hand.

"You are Daniel Stinewell?" He was indifferently surprised. He had thought of this man as old when he himself was a child. Yet Stinewell could not have been fifty, although gray-haired.

"I'm Dan Stinewell. Eighty-two years old this month." Uninvited, and a little awkwardly, he drew a chair to face Peatty at the desk. "I've never forgot the year nor the day of the month you ran away from Aeterna, James."

"You grieved so deeply over the loss of me?"

At the tone the old face reddened. But he chuckled candidly.

"No. Boys were cheap then, like they are now. No—it was because next day my creditors closed me out, and one or two of them accused me of hiding my help away so no testimony could be had of expenditures not on my books. Course"—proudly—"no one in Aeterna believed I'd do that."

HE went on reflectively, holding his limp felt hat between his knees, "Funny. I recollect that week you done something or other that lost me a few dollars, and it was the last straw. I threw up my hands and had a spell of hysterics, like a woman." Ruminatively, "I had a big family, and my father left the store to me in terrible condition. Half the town owed him. He couldn't refuse when folks wanted to charge their buyings. My wife blamed me for not collecting, though. But it's hard to press people. I never forget the day your aunt came to me, crying. Your mother had died. Your aunt owed me more'n forty dollars, and she said she couldn't feed six, and how they were going to take care of seven was more'n she could figure out."

Did the old dolt actually expect to make a substantial touch?

"I guess, James, you've about forgotten all of us in Aeterna."

"You are correct."

"Well, we remember a lot about you. Your name so often in the newspapers, mostly in the financial items, jogs our memories," chuckled the old man. "You don't see any of our names."

"No," was the dry reply.

"I recall you and two of your cousins were a skinny pathetic trio. Always looked hungry and cold. The one that died of pneumonia—must have been round the time you ran away—"

"Which one?" asked Peatty curiously.

"I don't remember his name. Guess—"

"Freddy?"

"Oh, no. Fred worked for me matter of fifteen years. Has a filling station now and eight children. Was doing well up to a few years ago."

"Then it was Marty who died." He saw Marty again, heard him. "Gee, you fellows got all the bedcovers and I ain't got any. Gee, I'm cold."

Or at the table: "Gee, I didn't get as many potatoes as the rest, ma. Gee, are they all gone?"

"Too bad your aunt had such a hard death. You heard about it?"

"No." He had had a card asking for assistance years back. He had barely read it.

"Cancer. And then it came after her taking care of your uncle after his accident in the roundhouse. He hated to outlive her, you bet."

Peatty tapped a fountain pen boredly on his desk.

"You remind me of your pa, James," said his visitor abruptly. "You got his nose and eyes. And, I guess, his strong character. If he hadn't been smashed in that engine collision, he'd 'a' gone high. The president of the railway said so."

The hearer stirred a little at mention of his resemblance to the unremembered father.

"NO. Your pa was different. And you take after him and so have got ahead. Your ma was a soft little thing, terrible in love with him. I often thought she died out of lack of wish to live without Jim Peatty."

He had a fading memory of his mother, a quiet moping girl.

"No. You don't take a bit after your mother. She spent nearly all the money from the railroad on your father's funeral. It was—well, not real sensible. Your Aunt Minnie kind of resented that."

Then Stinewell apologized: "I didn't mean to be so untactful."

A clerk entered with papers. The old man waited.

"I expect you'll be surprised to hear your cousin Mabel's oldest boy got married last week. Mabel—she used to help me out on sale days while she was in high school— Why, I guess I didn't tell that I started in business again, did I? Well, Mabel felt bad because he didn't have a good job. Mabel was one of Aeterna's best school-teachers."

● They lunched and dined. He took her to theaters.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUBERT JEAN MATHIEU

There flitted before Peatty's face the disagreeable picture of a thin cross girl with thin light braids complaining over the great pan of dirty dishes: "Ma, can't one of the boys help me? Ma, I got a whole page of improper fractions, and there is just a little oil in that lamp. Ma! I won't let those boys take my coat for a bedcover again—look, it's kicked into a million wrinkles and a button's gone. One of you boys find that button!" Then angry tears, angry slapping hand, scuttling boys, the kitchen a bedlam.

"James, I made this trip to New York to see you."

"Why?"

On James Peatty's displeased knee was laid an old knotted hand.

"James, you've made a lot of money."

"And invested in tax-exempt securities."

"Aeterna is bankrupt. I don't mean the people—the town itself."

"So is most of the world."

"I know. I'm not setting Aeterna up as a lone martyr. But I don't figure the rest of the world is my problem, like Aeterna is."

"Why is Aeterna bankrupt?" It was a sneer.

"Spent too much money on schools, roads, bridges, and junkets. And right at the last a bunch of measly road supervisors skinned what little was left in the cash box. The bank had to close for a time; although we have reorganized it and have the full coöperation of the depositors."

"Doubtless in time—a few years—Aeterna will recover."

" Doubtless. But the parties who will suffer for Aeterna's tax-and-graft spree are not the parties who brought about the mess. James, our town library is closed for lack of money for heat and light and stationery. Part of the school-teachers are not engaged for next year.

" In grade and high schools, gymnasium and laboratory equipment won't be provided. The state has helped us out a little, but not enough."

" In a few years—"

" I dare say in a few years we'll be building more schools. But a lot of children who right now need that library and that laboratory—well, in a few years they'll be cleared out of school."

" I fail to see how their plight concerns me."

" James, thirty or forty thousand dollars isn't much to you. But it would more than pay those teachers' lopped salaries, and the heat and light for that library, and the leaking roof of the boys' club, and the maintenance of the park and grandstand. Young folks don't thrive well in a dreary town."

" I am not at all interested in Aeterna's problems."

" Your cousin Mabel's youngest girl was librarian. She got laid off, and offered to work evenings, free. She's like her mother, a worker. They've had a hard year, too; her father isn't strong."

Sometimes, during the twenty minutes that followed, Daniel Stinewell was embarrassed, shamed, tongue-tied. But he pleaded abjectly; almost he got on his age-stiffened knees.

" Why, James, many a man's statue in his home town has cost more. Do you remember old General Hollister's bronze monument on Main Street? My father told me once the general coughed up fifteen thousand of his own fortune.

" His son, next generation, wasn't so egotistic. His memorial was Aeterna's library."

" I remember a teacher named Hollister."

" Oh, yes, Myra Hollister, only daughter of the general's son. She had a pretty hard life. Raised on plenty of money that was lost in speculation just after she grew up. Then her brother got into that trouble out West and went to prison. Guess lawyers got her salary for years, and the disgrace was iron in her soul. She's been dead—well, about twenty years, I believe."

He had risen, a little red-faced old man who nervously wiped his forehead with a muslin handkerchief.

" Well, James, won't you anyhow think it over? "

James' shake of head was dry refusal.

" I WOULDN'T ask you for a cent for myself. And a hundred others in Aeterna wouldn't. I'm at the end of my own life road. Glad in a way, too." A faint attempt at the former chuckle came. " Maybe in the next world I'll get a higher work than handling canned goods and breakfast foods." Again he was nervously serious. " And I'm not losing sleep over any plight of persons of your age, James. Your generation's set, in a good or a bad mold. But the ten-year-olds—or twelve—like you was once—they need a little help before they are set, too. If we stand off and don't help 'em in a tight place—why, then, we're sort of unfaithful to life itself. That's the way I reason, anyhow."

Was the other man listening? Again Stinewell's face was red.

He went toward the door. " Here's the hotel where I'm staying for a day or so. Just in case you change your mind, James."

But when in the late wintry afternoon James Peatty left his office, he had not changed his mind. Why should he save Aeterna?

He walked up Fifth Avenue to his hotel. Snow fell lightly. He wondered if Aline Beecher cared for a younger man.

He saw roses in windows which he would like to buy for her. He saw a monstrous emerald on a strip of satin. It was ironic that he was able to buy this woman whatever finery she might desire—but she desired nothing from his hands. He tried to forget her. He recalled the morning and Dan Stinewell. The old fellow had cheek. Why should he save Aeterna?

He dined with a business associate, and related the interview. The other man was caustic, too.

" This helping-hand business is growing into a racket, those politicians steal—and expect the common citizenry to cover their thefts."

Alone, he went to his hotel-suite home. Curiously enough, he began to think of Myra Hollister.

His memory of her was vague. She had receded, in a half day. Aunt Minnie was clear enough. Almost she bulged against the reading lamp across his sitting room. " You boys stop that noise and let Mabel get her lessons. Marty, you take this ten cents and run down for a peck of potatoes—and charge some lard—"

Mabel was clear, but his memory veered a little.

Rather cynically he wondered if life had repaid Mabel for that fierce effort to learn. Uncle Marty—what use to recall him at all? His clumsy life was over. To what end had it been?

It was when James Peatty got into bed that he suddenly felt cold. And that sensation was strange in a room of perfectly arranged temperature. Nor was he ill. But there had come to his mind a memory of that small cousin Marty begging for bedcovers in those Mid-Western winters. Poor little tike. And suddenly old animosity, ancient resentment vanished like a curl of smoke which goes and leaves no trace. And he had an absurd, childish wish to see Marty again, to get bedclothes for his cold little-boy body.

There was no particular reason why he, a rich man, should save Aeterna. But was there any reason why he shouldn't?

FOR many minutes he tried to think of a reason. Across the uncertain field of memory drifted a few vague, anxious, striving figures, buffeted by circumstance, beset by life. They were not reasons.

They were poor ghosts who came and went—and went. Gone.

He was out of bed in a swift decision. It was late, but old men sleep lightly. Anyhow, Dan Stinewell would not mind if he was awakened.

Nor did the old man mind in the least.

" Mean it, James? You'll put Aeterna on her feet for the next few years? Then I'll be getting right back. No need to waste hotel money."

" You needn't publicize my action."

" Why not? " countered the old grocer. " Not that I won't respect your wishes. But you ain't sugar and you won't melt under any heat of advertisement, and other rich men may copy-cat you for other towns, James," he pleaded.

It seemed unimportant. James Peatty assented indifferently, " Oh, do as you like. As you say, I'm not sugar," and went back to bed, still thinking of his small cousin Marty.

He was half asleep an hour later. The telephone buzzer woke him from a half dream about his parents, also ghosts.

But the voice at the other end of the wire roused him, like sudden warm daylight on closed lids. Aline's warm rich tender voice:

" James! I'm at the studio. The news announcer has just broadcast that you're saving your native town from bankruptcy. James, is this true? "

All the old rich intimacy in her accents! The former friendly laughter and affection!

" Yes, Aline. But—"

" And I thought your bark was your bite! James dear, I was an awfully stupid girl at school. You must make allowances. Come here to the studio and drive me home—if you have nothing better to do."

" I have nothing better to do, Aline. Never, never, never, my dear."

He thought she repeated under her breath, " My dear," like a tender whimsical mother who has misjudged her small son.

He was not quite sure that he had heard aright. But as he dressed in schoolboy haste a rare warmth enveloped him—as if he were in bed and hands of love spread a coverlet of silk and down over his body.

THE END

You can't afford a dull head in business, today

If you've been up late the night before, don't start the day with a headache. And if an afternoon conference catches you with a dull head . . . tired out and washed up . . . clear away the clouds with a refreshing dose of Bromo-Seltzer.

You'll like the way Bromo-Seltzer works—so quickly and effectively. Drink it as it fizzes in the glass of water. As it dissolves, Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. That is why it so promptly relieves gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache is soon relieved. At the same time your nerves are calmed and soothed . . . you are gently steadied, cheered up.

And all the while needed alkali is being supplied to the blood through citric salts which contribute to alkalinity.

No wonder you feel like another person before you know it!

Bromo-Seltzer—the multi-purpose remedy

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced* compound of 5 medicinal ingredients, each of which has a special purpose. Each of which brings a needed benefit. No mere pain-killer gives the same effective results.

Remember, too, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a *liquid*—therefore it works much faster.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and *reliable*. Contains no narcotics. And it never upsets the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the large, economical family-size bottle at the office and at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin. Directions on the bottle.

But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold at druggists everywhere for more than forty years. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course, consult your physician.

EMERSON'S

BROMO-SELTZER

Quick Pleasant Reliable

A MACHINE WITH A SOUL?

The Electrifying Facts About a Scientific Miracle that Overshadows the Famous Fantasy of Frankenstein

By GEORGE F. CORNERS

MIDNIGHT. Tensely the figure of a young scientist is bending over a weird box-like contrivance. He is in his shirt sleeves and his collar is open. As he leans forward to make an adjustment, the veins in his neck stand out rigidly. The room rests in darkness except for the beam of a shaded lamp. As the worker moves, his shadow, immensely enlarged, falls grotesquely on the walls of the laboratory. All around the room, in apparent disorder, hang wires, bulbs, switches, plugs crossing and crisscrossing like an antique labyrinth.

The youth works on far into the night. The stillness of the room is broken now and then by a smothered exclamation and the scraping of a screwdriver. As the blackness of the night begins to blend with the gray of another day, he completes his job.

An interval of dead silence. An involuntary cry.

He has achieved a modern miracle!

He has taught a machine to think!

Some time later the world is galvanized by the report of an extraordinary experiment which breaks down the barrier between the automaton and the man—a machine that has a brain. Skeptical questions fly thick and fast: What is the meaning of this experiment? Can the machine have a soul? Can the machine have a will of its own? Can it express likes and dislikes? Can it forget and remember?

Already accustomed to machines that open and lock doors, pilot airplanes and steamships, give warnings, the world still hesitates to accept a machine that thinks for itself.

Can you imagine a robot that picks his food with the daintiness of an epicure, that learns a lesson and forgets it again like an animal or a thoughtless child? Yet that is what a New York boy, studying at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has achieved.

Norman B. Krim, who created the "miracle."

The young scientist, twenty-year-old Norman B. Krim, lean and sinewy, coolly presented his paper on The Thinking Machine before the Students' Branch of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and convinced that body of the success of his experiment. The apparatus is not created in the image of its maker. It represents the human figure only by a stretch of the imagination. Nevertheless its implications are vast. It may usher in a new era. Hereafter the world's work may be done by intricate mechanisms that think for themselves!

The head and body of a super-robot, designed by Krim after his first successful experiment, are incased in a box. The feet are mounted on a small car. But it has eyes and ears and, at least, a rudimentary brain to store its memories.

The master of the robot pulls the top of its head much as any schoolma'am pulls the hair of a recalcitrant pupil. As if resenting this treatment, the automaton rolls away as quickly as possible. While the master pulls the head of his creature he strikes an electric bell. The process is repeated ten times. An association of ideas is established in the electric brain. Finally he rings the bell *without touching the switch concealed in its head.* The robot has learned his lesson. *As soon as he hears the bell* he disappears from the scene as rapidly as his mechanical legs will permit. The Thinking Machine knows whenever the bell rings he will be subjected to the same rough treatment.

After his first lesson the master offers the super-robot a plate of spinach. There is no reaction. Mr. Mechanical Man does not know spinach. The master clutches his ear and pulls vigorously. The robot shakes his head. Why should he eat spinach when even his master has a distaste for it inherited from his nursery days? Ten times the master pulls the robot's ear as he offers the spinach. After that the thinking robot has learned not to like spinach. It is *no longer necessary to pull his ears. The sight alone is sufficient.* Even if he sees the odious vegetable at a distance, Mr. Super-robot will shake his head in disgust.

After teaching him to detest spinach, the master determines to induce in him an avidness for beets. He offers a tempting dish of juicy red beets to his automaton and gently strokes his head, like a mother caressing her child. Lo and behold, the robot nods his head approvingly! The beets are acceptable. After some repetition of the experience, the robot will express his preference at the mere sight of beets by nodding his head. *It is no longer necessary to close the electric contact hidden in the ears.*

Now the master decides to unteach his lesson. He trains the robot to nod at the sight of spinach and shake his head at the sight of beets. He teaches him to hate what he liked, to like what he hated.

After a lapse of time the lesson is forgotten. He responds only feebly. He must be taught anew. Young Krim is no charlatan. His results are bona fide. *The inner equipment is never touched during the test.* This precludes the possibility of any tampering with the machine by the experimenter.

The speed with which the machine learns or forgets can be controlled with precision. It is possible to make a robot that will learn after one lesson, while it takes another ten or a hundred lessons. This corresponds to varying degrees of intelligence in a human being. It is also possible, theoretically, to create a robot that will never forget.

Illustration by Clyde Prettyman

A young scientist is bending over a weird boxlike contrivance. All around hang wires, bulbs, switches.

Krim's Thinking Machine is a miracle, but a miracle that can be explained in terms of science. The sensitive ear is a microphone that changes sound into electric energy. The eyes are photoelectric cells that have the power to distinguish red from green and to differentiate, at least by color, between beets and spinach. The Thinking Machine has no sense of smell. But this difficulty will soon be remedied. A Harvard scientist has succeeded in constructing a " sniffer," a mechanism which intensifies the sense of smell. The design of the next robot will provide for a mechanical nose.

Norman B. Krim is keenly interested in both the psychology of human behavior and electricity. A native of New York City and a graduate of George Washington High School and Dwight Academy, he is now a senior at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It was a course in elementary psychology which suggested to him the desirability of bridging the gulf between created and manufactured life, between the animal and the automaton.

The psychologists of today are divided into vitalists and mechanists. The vitalists assume the existence of a " soul," a " spirit," or at least " consciousness " to explain human behavior. The mechanists insist that every human action, including thought itself, is only a series of chemical or electric changes which can be expressed in terms of mechanism. Professor Pavlov in Russia and Dr. John B. Watson in the United States are the main exponents of the mechanical view. The mechanists study behavior of men and animals in the same objective manner in which physicists and chemists approach inanimate nature. From their studies they deduce certain laws of behavior for all animals.

If we bring food near the mouth of an animal, saliva begins to flow. Pavlov made a dog's mouth water by tempting him with a bone. The moment the dog smelled the delectable morsel, saliva began to collect in his mouth and dripped from his jowls. This reaction was instantaneous. It was a " primary reflex."

BUT the experiment did not end there. The Russian master psychologist then proceeded to sound a bell every time the experiment was repeated. Whenever the bone reached the proximity of poor Fido, the bell rang. The dog eventually associated the ringing of the bell with the bone. After several experiments his mouth began to water at the mere sound of the bell, even if there was no bone at all. This reaction to an associated stimulus is called by psychologists a " conditioned reflex." It is not a natural but an acquired response, brought about by certain conditions in the environment or the experience of the animal.

It occurred to young Krim that if he could make a machine behave like a dog under a similar test he would score a point for the mechanical interpretation of psychology. There is, he contends, no necessity for assuming a mystical explanation of the phenomena of life if they can be explained in the language of chemistry and electricity. It is not necessary to agree with this conclusion. Even if we can make a machine behave like an animal, we have not proved that " mind," " consciousness," or the " soul " does not exist.

Krim does not claim that he is creating life; he describes his machine as an " analogue " of life. However, it is possible to construct machines that discriminate, machines that approach an object like an animal by the

trial-and-error method, machines that pick their way through a maze, machines that may be trained as one trains a child. It is difficult to describe these machines in terms intelligible to the lay reader. The description involves discussions of rheostats and ohms, of electric magnets, photoelectric cells, and the various laws that govern the flow of electricity. It is not surprising that electricity plays an important part. The investigations of modern physicists suggest that all life may be a form of electricity.

The apparatus described in the beginning of this article is based upon a simple machine which Krim first exhibited before a startled audience in Boston. He worked on the experiment on and off for a year. It took him only fifteen hours to construct the baby robot, which consists of a box containing two electric motors, a lamp, and two switches, S and Su. The model is fifteen inches long and eight inches wide. Switch S represents the "primary" or the natural stimulus. Su represents the "conditioned stimulus." The brightness of the lamp indicates the intensity of the response.

If the experimenter presses switch S, the lamp glows brightly. If he touches Su, it does not glow at all. Then he simultaneously touches switch S and switch Su. After he has repeated this process a number of times, he presses switch Su only, and lo and behold, *the lamp will light!* It will light only dimly. But there can be no doubt that the current of electricity sets up a new path, like the association in the brain of a dog between the bell and the morsel of food.

The machine is beginning to learn!

Each time the two switches are pressed simultaneously the association becomes stronger and stronger. *Finally the lamp will respond as brightly to Su as it did to S.* The "conditioned reflex" has reached its maximum strength.

The machine has learned its lesson. But after a time the baby robot, like its big brother, begins to forget. If we press switch Su, there will still be a light, but the light will be dim. At last, no matter how often we press Su, it will not respond.

The lesson is forgotten.

However, like a forgetful child, the baby robot may be "reëducated."

THE baby robot is limited to one response. The number of responses is multiplied many times in Krim's super-robot. Theoretically, it may be multiplied indefinitely, until you have made a creature as complex as man.

Krim's Thinking Machine has a long line of ancestors in fiction—the Golem, Frankenstein's man-made monster, the New Eve. Two Czechoslovakian playwrights, the brothers Capek, introduced "robots," mechanical men, in a much-discussed play.

Since then it has become the custom to call various automatons "robots." The electric industry manufactures robot pilots to direct airplanes, steamships, and torpedoes. The robot door at the Pennsylvania Station in New York opens of its own accord as soon as the shadow of a person falls across an invisible beam of light. Computing machines and other devices perform certain functions more perfectly than the human brain. But Krim's machine actually possesses a memory and whims. Its inception marks the birth of the Golem. The monster of Frankenstein has leaped into being in the unassuming form of the Thinking Machine.

The sensation created by the young student, Krim, concentrated attention upon the previous work along similar lines of Professor Clark L. Hull at Yale and other scientists. Professor Hull published the results of his experiments with machines that think and feel in 1929. Other notable work in this field has been done by H. D. Baerenstein, R. G. Krueger, George K. Bennett, Thomas Ross, and Lewis B. Ward. The "psychic" machines created by these men reproduce in an amazing manner the behavior of a dog subjected to certain tests devised by Pavlov. Bennett and Ward have also produced complicated mechanisms which duplicate phenomena formerly thought peculiar to psychical behavior. Other "thinking machines," described by Thomas Ross in the Scientific American, lift an iron ball instead of lighting a bulb. The resulting apparatus is capable, in a restricted sense, of exhibiting "spontaneously intelligent behavior."

YET at present, for all these experiments, science cannot fashion a machine that can hold a candle to a mouse or a man. The most complicated machine of Hull or Krim is rudimentary compared to the complexity of the amœba!

Professor Hull and those who follow him are interested in the problem primarily from the point of view of research.

"How successful the attempts to construct 'psychic machines' will prove," Professor Hull says in a paper written jointly with Robert G. Krueger, and published in the Journal of General Psychology, "time alone can tell. It will be too early to venture a final judgment until as much labor and ingenuity have been expended in the attempt as have been devoted to the development of the steam engine, the electric motor, or the printing process."

Unless some practical use for such a mechanism should develop, Professor Hull admits, this will take a long time. "It is not," he goes on to say, "inconceivable that in the demands for a higher and higher degree of automaticity the type of mechanism here considered may have an important place. "In that event," he predicts, "the exploration of this new order of automaticity would be comparatively rapid."

In these experiments there is no desire for profit. They are science pure, though not simple. They seem to prove the belief held by many philosophers that whatever the human mind can conceive it can accomplish.

The Thinking Machine may finally free man from the Biblical curse of labor. Even the dream of the mechanical New Eve may in time come true.

THE END

THE SILENT KILLER

By T. A. Burke

[Editor's Note: This is the fourth of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

Carbon-monoxide gas is a deadly chiseler which now takes about 600 lives annually. This is an increase of about 400 per cent since 1924.

Most of the deaths occur on a cold morning when Mr. Motorist warms up his engine in the garage while the doors are closed. Within a few minutes enough gas is released through the exhaust to kill half a dozen persons. Three minutes' inhalation in a tightly closed room has been known to kill.

Usually, in cold weather, the motorist closes all windows in an effort to keep warm. It would therefore be good practice to make frequent inspections of the gaskets and the exhaust pipe to keep gas from seeping into the closed car with deadly effect.

Carbon-monoxide gas acts with little or no warning. It is odorless and, of course, invisible. The one sure preventive is plenty of fresh air.

Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.

"I HELPED *Build* ALL THREE ..I KNEW WHICH LOW-PRICED CAR TO BUY"

READ THIS CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH B. V. FRIEDMAN OF DETROIT, MICHIGAN

"I WAS BORN in the 'Motor City.' Detroit's my home town, and I've worked in the shops of 'All Three.' So you see I *know* the three leading low-priced cars inside out!"

"Let the other fellow drive without Hydraulic Brakes and a Safety-Steel Body"

MR. FRIEDMAN practically *lives* in his car . . . averaging 150 miles a day in his business.

We asked if he "looked at All Three" before buying Plymouth.

"*Looked* at them? . . . Mister, *I've helped build All Three!*"

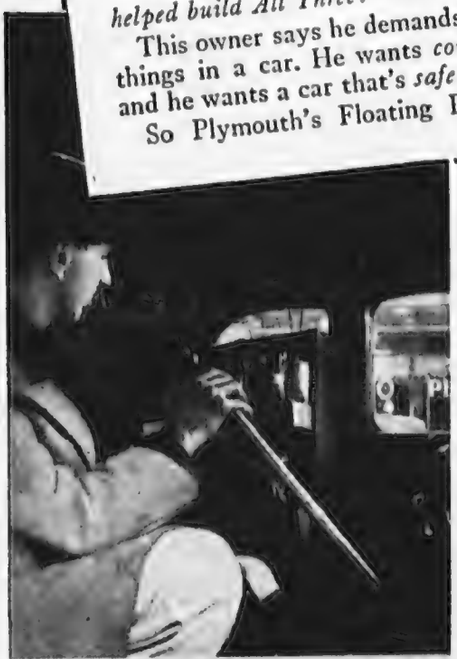
This owner says he demands two things in a car. He wants *comfort* and he wants a car that's *safe!*

So Plymouth's Floating Power engine mountings and Individual Wheel Springing appealed to him.

And anybody who knows cars as he does is *sold* on Hydraulic Brakes and Safety-Steel Bodies.

There's not much we can add to Mr. Friedman's convincing story. But we urge you to do this—"Look at All Three" before *you* buy!

Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will demonstrate Plymouth.



"I OPERATE BROADCASTING CARS—and Floating Power engine mountings eliminate motor vibration that would soon ruin our delicate equipment."

SHOWN ABOVE—THE DE LUXE PLYMOUTH 4-door Sedan. Plymouth prices begin at $495 f. o. b. factory, subject to change without notice. Duplate Safety Plate Glass *throughout* for low extra charge (only $10 on DeLuxe Sedan).

IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED LOW-PRICED CAR

PLYMOUTH $495 AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY DETROIT

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF RUDY

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

HE *did* see a dream walking, Miss St. Johns insisted, beginning in Liberty last week to reveal and interpret the real Rudy Vallee. "Today he is still singing to a dream girl, the girl he believed he had found in Fay Webb, the girl he still believes is somewhere in the world."

Miss St. Johns pictured Rudy's steadfast New England mother, now dead, who had misgivings about his marrying Fay Webb, and his delightful father, the druggist of the old home town of Westbrook, Maine. She described Rudy's struggles and determination, and his subsequent emulous idolatry of the great saxophonist Rudy Wiedoeft—which prompted his fraternity brothers at the University of Maine to bestow "Rudy" upon him as a nickname.

She told of his unhappiness after transferring to Yale, when he had to play for dancing and watch luckier young men glide by with lovely girls in their arms. Already he had long had a feminine ideal, a darkly exotic dream-image that he hoped some day to find realized in flesh and blood. But it was not until years later that he was spellbound by the sight of—a face on the cover of a magazine!

PART TWO

THE GIRL ON THE MAGAZINE COVER

SATURDAY night on Broadway, the street immortalized in song and story. The Main Stem of the amazing city of New York.

Upon the corner of Forty-eighth and Broadway, heart of the Roaring Forties, in giant letters flaming scarlet and gold, the name Rudy Vallee above the town's most popular night club.

In the crushing mass of people walks a slim young man in an old polo coat, a soft felt hat tilted a little to one side.

On his way to work, at midnight. Looking up with a grin half sheepish, half proud, he says, "Do I get a kick out of seeing that name up there in electric lights!"

Rudy Vallee had his name up in electric lights on Broadway before he was thirty. Nor was it, as some people persist in thinking, an easy task. Perhaps it is never an easy task on Broadway, where the competition is so swift and merciless, the standard so high.

The boy from Maine was to conquer, but he was to know heartbreak and loneliness and such hard work as few men have ever attempted. The one thing he had not counted upon was the women—the women who fell in love with a Voice and all that it represented.

To Rudy Vallee the price has never been too high, never could be. His work is a monomania with him. Nothing has ever come ahead of it—except Fay Webb. The only time in his life he ever missed a performance or walked out of a show was in 1932 when he left the stage of George White's Scandals to bring her back from California. When he arrived, after three thousand miles by plane, she wasn't at the airport to meet him.

Ted Husing once told me, "Vallee is the only man who knows what you might call the soul of radio. He has an understanding of it that no one else has ever achieved.

International photo

● Leonie Cauchois, Rudy's first wife. They parted a few days after their marriage. Top: "The ace of the air" at the microphone.

VALLEE

A Revelation of the Hitherto Unknown Personality Behind the Golden Voice That Millions Love

by
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Culver Service

● The original Connecticut Yankees in their blue jeans. Top: Rehearsing his famous radio hour—weary, but inexorable in "getting results."

I don't know yet whether it's an instinct or whether he knows what he is doing."

So I asked Rudy if he knew.

That was at eight thirty one evening on the Chief, coming back from California. When the train pulled into Las Vegas, New Mexico, at two forty-five he was still explaining to me. By that time I was breathless, a little out of my depth. No man has ever expounded to me his gospel of work and art with such passion and such knowledge. Of one thing I was convinced—Rudy Vallee knows exactly why he does everything that he does.

I had another complete illustration when, one day, Rudy's dad and I sneaked into a rehearsal of his radio hour. To me, Rudy had seemed an amiable young man with excellent manners, a ready Irish wit, and considerable shyness. Emotionally high-keyed, excitable, supersensitive, but not what you'd call a forceful person.

When I walked into the rehearsal hall at Radio City I got the shock of my life.

For half an hour everything went along quietly. Then the roof blew off. The amiable Mr. Vallee was transformed into something between a top sergeant and Cecil B. De Mille on one of his worst days.

Few people have been permitted to witness one of those rehearsals. Yet you couldn't possibly understand Vallee until you had seen him in that particular spot. From one until seven he drove his boys, his guest artists, and himself. His air of command made him seem older—a totally different person. No wonder they say he is a tough man to work for. Yet, in spite of that, every musician in New York wants to work for him.

"He's tough—plenty tough, but he knows his stuff," they will tell you.

"You can't be easy if you want to get results," he says.

The result, of course, is the program that comes over the air with such smooth perfection that it seems effortless. That is his standard—that it should seem effortless, spontaneous.

Yet in the beginning no one believed him nor in him. Even the men in his band, when he began to put his theories into practice, thought he was crazy.

Slow music? Soft sweet music? Popular songs sung gently, played straight as written? According to musicians, nobody wanted that sort of thing! It was out of date. This was 1928, the jazz age.

At first it seemed that they were right.

In the summer of 1923, when with a group of Yale boys under Peter Arno he played sax at the Rendezvous where Gilda Gray was the star, some people may have noticed that one of the saxophonists dropped his sax, picked up

Courtesy College Humor

Keystone photo

● The fateful magazine cover, as Rudy saw it that day in New Haven. At right: Fay Webb, the embodiment of his dream that the cover seemed to him to portray, beside him as his bride.

a small megaphone and sang occasionally. They didn't pay any particular attention. In 1934, Edward B. Marks in his " best seller " musical record of half a century entitled They All Sang—From Tony Pastor to Rudy Vallee, writes, " Vallee was the first crooner. Others tried to create the same effect by technique, but they didn't last because they were not genuine. Vallee is still going strong."

In front of the copy which he sent to the first crooner, Mr. Marks wrote, " To Rudy Vallee. An ' Old-Timer ' salutes you as his choice of *the* modern Big-Timer."

VALLEE believed that people wanted melody, that they were growing tired of noise and syncopation. Above all, he believed that they wanted to hear the words. The troubadour school, which combined the beauty and drama of music with the beauty and drama of the story—that was the school he wanted to recreate.

William Bolitho said of Vallee, " By the divine accident or miracle that is what makes art nearer religion than science, the voice that starts its strange journey at the microphone hardly more than banal fills the air at its destination with some sort of beauty and with that rarest charm of beauty—uniqueness, novelty. His voice is a new sound, just as much as a saxophone is a new sound."

The miracle, of course, is that Vallee and the radio came at the same moment in the course of events. The new art and its man of destiny. He had to have the radio —and it was waiting for him.

Rudy graduated from Yale in June, 1927. He had taken one year out, from June, 1924, to June, 1925, which he spent playing the saxophone at the Savoy Hotel in London and giving painstaking and meticulous lessons on the sax to British men and boys and practicing two or three hours a day. His college life wasn't, couldn't be, a typical one. There was no time for outside contacts, for all-night gab sessions, for the girls and the fun. Often he played four or five nights a week, nearly always in some distant city, getting back to the campus only in time for classes the next day. Just how he managed to keep so high a scholastic record nobody knows.

In the winter of 1927, with his saxophone and his Yale diploma, Rudy Vallee came to New York. He was twenty-six, he didn't have much money, and no one in the big city had ever heard of him. None the less, he was ready to attack the great citadel, the center of the entertainment world.

IT was just before he came to New York that he saw the face on the magazine cover.

He picked up the magazine quite casually from the counter of a New Haven news stand. And as he looked he stood motionless. For there, dark, heavy-lidded, exotic, was the face of the woman who had haunted his boyhood dreams.

Until that moment he had almost forgotten her. It had been years since he had dreamed of her. Only once in a while, as he drove some pretty young thing through a starlit night, that face had come to him, gazing at him as though the eyes were asking him to wait—to wait.

He took the magazine and walked down the crowded New Haven street, seeing nothing at all.

What did it mean?

All the sentimental and superstitious Irish in him spoke in the pulse that clamored in his throat. He told himself not to be a fool. It was just a picture on a magazine cover. But all the time he was breathing quickly with the shock of it.

On the cover he found the name of the artist—Rolfe Armstrong. And that night, reluctantly, he wrote and asked for the name of the model. For a few days he watched the mail. But no answer came. And he decided at last that it was just as well. The hand of fate was in this thing. If this woman existed, and if it was meant to be, they would find each other.

In the meantime there was his career. He had only been in New York a month when his first break came.

He had a chance to try out as saxophonist and orchestra leader at the new Heigh-Ho Club, just opened by Don Dickerman, an artist with Ideas of His Own. Dickerman wanted to run a very smart, very exclusive small club, for which he wanted a small but " different " orchestra. Mr. Rudy Vallee, late of Yale and the Savoy in London, was suggested to him by Bert Lown, an orchestra leader and agent, who asked Rudy to get together a band of eight pieces and play for Dickerman.

Rudy sent to New Haven for two boys with whom he had played before. Lown and he selected five other men in New York—and they called them the Yale Collegians. Before long Rudy changed it to Yale Men. But certain Yale alumni around New York didn't care for that. And about a year later Rudy changed the name again. It was now Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees.

On January 8, 1928, Rudy and his band had their all-important tryout before Dickerman at the Heigh-Ho. For the first time Vallee was to have a chance of putting into execution those ideas which had been forming in his head for years.

Dickerman sat listening. Halfway through the evening he sent for the young leader. " That singer you've got," he said, shaking his head, " won't do here."

For a moment Vallee felt as though he had been hit in

the stomach. Then he made a rapid-fire decision: he'd try singing himself. During the summer, at the very smart Maine resorts, he had sung sometimes and the crowds had gathered around to hear him. It had gone all right then. Perhaps he could get away with it in New York. Somehow he had to save that job.

He went quietly to the edge of the platform, his small red megaphone in hand. Very softly he sang a simple song called Rain. He stood with one hand in his pocket. No display of vocalization, no acting. Yet suddenly the room grew quiet, you could hear the softest notes.

Dickerman forgot the crowded room, forgot the staring people; found himself remembering lost romance and lost beauty and somehow believing they might come again.

When it was over he leaped up. "That's it!" he said. "That's what I want. *You* do the singing."

And that was the beginning of the first crooner.

That story has been told before, but not every one knows that Rudy Vallee repaid that first chance many times over, that he invested a fortune later to allow Don Dickerman to open another club, which failed.

There is a consistent rumor that Vallee is tight with money. In that, as in most things, he is magnificently inconsistent. He is a natural-born bargain hunter; he will spend hours in department stores saving a few dollars in thrifty New England fashion. But he gave Don Dickerman $90,000 without a moment's hesitation on a wild gamble.

ONE year after the night when he sang Rain, Rudy Vallee was the most sensational hit New York had ever known. A bomb had burst on Broadway. Vallee was breaking all records at the Palace and the Paramount theaters, and he and the Connecticut Yankees had signed a contract with the National Broadcasting Company which called for thousands of dollars an hour.

Old-timers in New York theatrical circles will tell you that no performer was ever given such an ovation upon his first appearance as that which greeted Rudy Vallee at the Keith theaters.

Radio had done it.

Vallee's voice is not strong. He can, of course, sing in a theater, and has done it with great success. But he needs mechanical aid to be at his best, to convey perfectly those soft tones and that smooth ease. He is, as the radio heads and popular vote declare, the perfect radio artist. And he arrived at the exact moment when radio was beginning to make itself felt.

The funny part of it is that the first time Rudy Vallee broadcast from the Heigh-Ho Club over a small New York station, *he had never in his life tuned in on the radio.*

The broadcasting company was willing to give Don Dickerman's club time on the air. But, they informed him, they simply couldn't afford to

A TYPICALLY keen Middle Western business man wanted to solicit business from a prospect some distance away. Speed in reaching the right man was a big factor. *He telephoned.* The call lasted 4 minutes, cost $1.50, and brought a $6334 order. "About 95% of our sales are made over Long Distance," he writes.

Every day, business men are sending Long Distance after business with the same profitable results. They use the telephone because it is swift, direct, inexpensive . . . because it puts them in the *right place* at the *right time* for doing business!

P. S. Many people take advantage of the 15% to 40% reductions which occur in many station-to-station rates every night. For instance, calling St. Louis from Kansas City costs $1.15 during the daytime, $1 after 7 P. M., 70 cents after 8:30 P. M.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

send him an announcer. So young Mr. Vallee simply stepped up to the microphone and in the simple and natural way, which he prefers in everything, announced. He did it against a background of soft music, which was at that time unheard of. And he simply stepped up to the mike and sang—sang as he thought people wanted him to sing, as he himself liked to hear a man sing, quietly and softly.

The first broadcast brought twelve letters. Nine of them raved about the announcing, the method, the singing. And Mr. Vallee read them carefully. In one blinding flash it dawned upon him that he had a gold mine.

With that persistence of his, he began broadcasting constantly—four or five times a week, seven or eight times a week, over any station, for anybody, at any time, for nothing or for a cup of coffee. When people told him he was broadcasting too often, he smiled and said thank you and went right on broadcasting.

The public, listening in, said, "We want Rudy Vallee."

The public made him a star. The heads of the great broadcasting companies were swamped with mail, with telegrams. And in 1929 Rudy Vallee became, as he remains, the ace of the air.

Right from the first there were people who didn't like Rudy's singing. There were men who reacted to him as they once had to the great Valentino. The voice that sang love songs to their wives and sweethearts got them pretty much annoyed. And they did what men have always done under that particular provocation. They hinted that Mr. Vallee, the vagabond lover, couldn't be a regular guy.

A great newspaperman, Joe Connelly, said to Vallee not long ago, "Son, you've got a lot of salamander in you. You've come through fire unscathed."

It was while all this was going on that he met Leonie Cauchois, the first woman he married.

And that was a strange marriage!

In his senior year at Yale Rudy had fallen madly in love with a young Swedish-American girl. She was a lovely thing, an eighteen-year-old Garbo, with a gentle, charming disposition that made her tremendously popular with men. Rudy, naturally, wanted her all to himself, he wanted to marry her, he intended to marry her as soon as he had established himself in New York. He decided that he had been entirely wrong in thinking his ideal was a brunette.

But Rudy was in New York, working eighteen hours a day. And the lovely blonde was in a city a hundred miles away and there were plenty of men who wanted to take her places and make love to her.

She was very young; she wanted a good time. She was in love with Rudy, but perhaps she wasn't quite ready to settle down.

When he found it out, the new radio idol tasted real bitterness. Perhaps he took it a great deal too seriously, but he was frightfully overworked, and his jealousy and his hurt tore him to pieces.

THE boy was lonely, he was hungry for companionship. He wanted a woman, a woman of his own out of the thousands who adored him. He found so often that the women who dreamed romantically of him as he sang weren't interested in him when they met him, or that he wasn't interested in them. He wanted a wife. And he had a clear-cut picture of what that wife should be and how she should act.

It was those two visions—the girl on the magazine cover, who still haunted him, and that fine, deep, honest desire for a wife who should be to him all that his adored mother had been to his father, which eventually brought about the Fay Webb tragedy.

He thought he had found such a wife in the beautiful Swedish girl. After he saw he hadn't, while he was trying to forget, some one at the Heigh-Ho Club introduced him to the young divorcee, Leonie Cauchois.

She had made her début in the most exclusive circles and was well known in Washington and New York. Her first marriage had gone on the rocks and she had just come back from Reno.

She had a flashing personality, and she was dark and beautiful.

Leonie Cauchois must have been a very fine girl. I have never heard a man speak with more honest respect and admiration of any woman than Rudy displays when he speaks of her.

When he met her, it seemed that she was everything he desired. With her beside him he would soon forget—he would have a home, a wife, and happiness.

Five days after they met, they were quietly married.

And almost at once Rudy knew that he had made a terrible mistake. He knew that he had married Leonie, loving another woman. He couldn't tear out the image of that other, the girl who hadn't been true to him but who still said she loved him. So, because he was an idealist, because marriage meant something very sacred to him, because he has to be honest always, even when it is the hardest way, he told her the truth. Leonie was a woman of great heart and understanding—and to this day she and Rudy have remained friends.

They lived together for a few days in the little honeymoon house they had taken out on Long Island. And then they parted and the marriage was quietly annulled. It had never really been a marriage at all.

HE went back to his blonde sweetheart. But something had been destroyed, something of the glamour was gone. He had been right—they couldn't seem to be happy together; he wanted more than she was willing to give; he wanted to marry and she wasn't ready for that; she wouldn't make him the wife he needed. So they drifted apart, drifted into a pleasant friendship that still exists.

In 1929 he went to Hollywood to make his first motion picture, The Vagabond Lover. And he went heart-whole and fancy-free.

People thought then that he had fallen in love with Mary Brian, one of the sweetest and finest youngsters who ever lived. They were seen everywhere together. Then, one night, he took her to dance at the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood. They sat at a little side table. Rudy looked out on to the floor. And he looked straight into a dark face, with black, heavy-lidded eyes, heavy black hair, a scarlet mouth painted upon a strange, expressionless face.

Mary Brian stared at him a moment. "What's the matter, Rudy?" she said. "You're—so white."

Rudy said, "Who is that girl?"

Mary followed his eyes. "I don't know," she said.

But Rudy found out that night. The head waiter knew. Her name was Fay Webb. She was an extra girl at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. None of his friends seemed to know her—but she was the girl on the magazine cover.

The next day he went out to the M.-G.-M. studio to see his dear friend Marie Dressler, who had said often that the greatest happiness she might have known in life would have been to have Rudy for a son.

He said, "Marie, I want you to introduce me to a girl on this lot named Fay Webb."

Marie stared at him a long moment with that penetrating look of hers. But the boy's eyes were steady as he looked back. He had seen a dream walking.

"I don't want to," she said. "You and that girl don't belong together. I don't know why. I haven't anything against her. But I just feel—somehow I'd rather not be the one who introduced you to her."

Rudy didn't say anything. He went to the casting office and asked for Fay Webb's telephone number.

Probably she wasn't surprised when he called her, when he asked if he might come to see her and take her out to dance.

Perhaps, when she had seen him looking at her the night before, she had known he would call.

Rudy's two-year courtship of Fay, who embodied the dream that he could not give up, will be turned inside out by Miss St. Johns in next week's installment. She will tell of Fay's indecisions, of the misgivings that beset Rudy himself, of the all-but-superhuman absorption in his work that sustained him through this tempestuous period, of their eventual secret marriage, and of the reasons he now has for believing that Fay never loved him.

Harum, Scare 'Em, Hepburn

The Chatty Mr. Rogers and the Versatile Katharine Share the Picture Limelight with Some Lively Exercises in Terror and Browbeating

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good. **3 stars, excellent.**
2 stars, good. **4 stars, extraordinary.**

★★★ DAVID HARUM

THE PLAYERS: Will Rogers as David Harum; Louise Dresser as Polly; Evelyn Venable, Kent Taylor, Stepin Fetchit, Noah Beery, Roger Imhof, Frank Melton, Charles Middleton, Sarah Padden, Lillian Stuart. Directed by James Cruze.

There was a time, almost exactly thirty years ago, when Will Rogers, appearing on a vaudeville stage with a lasso in each hand, used to do stunts without opening his mouth. Another actor on the same bill one day suggested that to call attention to the hardest of his rope tricks he tell the audience beforehand what he planned to do.

"Folks," said Rogers the next time he went on the stage, "you can see I got one of these things in each hand. When the horse and rider come out I'm goin' to try and throw one of 'em over the horse and the other over the rider." This caused the audience to laugh, which so humiliated Rogers that he did not use his announcement again for a month.

Now that Rogers has progressed from telling an audience what he planned to do with a lasso to telling the country what the President ought to do about the NRA, it is an anecdote worth recalling before you see this picture, because otherwise the spectacle of the highest-paid newspaper columnist in America wearing a peaked cap and clowning around behind a horse might seem to some extent undignified. In addition to these activities and talking incessantly from the moment the picture starts until it ends, Rogers does very little in David Harum. It is an almost stationary portrait of an amiable, horse-trading, matchmaking small-town New England banker, who gives a widow a mortgage on her farm for Christmas and makes his balky trotting horse run by singing to him.

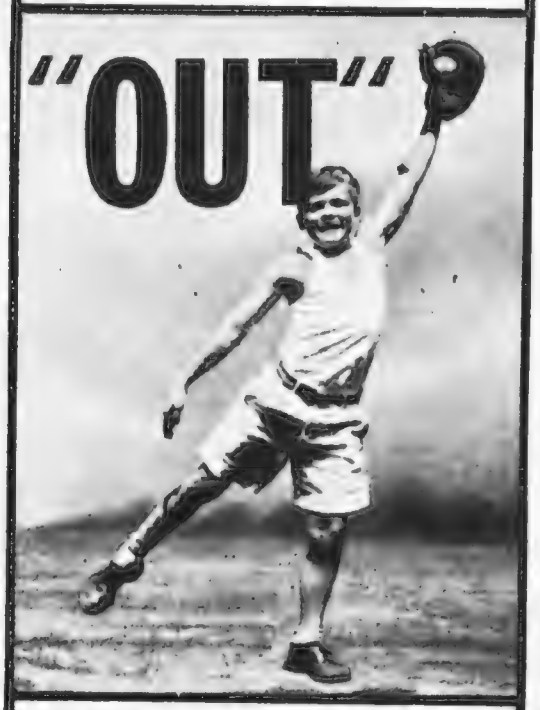
Rogers makes David Harum an entertaining picture, although long stretches of it which amount to no more than a Rogers monologue might be improved if the director had asked him to emphasize some of his remarks by twirling a lasso.

Possibly the pleasantest thing about the production is the fact that it includes Stepin Fetchit, who was tossed out of Hollywood several years ago when he grew energetic enough to insist on writing his own lines and direct-

Evelyn Venable and the somewhat chatty Will Rogers in a scene from David Harum.

Katharine Hepburn—as the mountain girl—and Robert Young in the picture Spitfire.

BIG SHOE BILLS ARE



WITH THESE SOLES

HE WOULDN'T be a real boy if he didn't play ball. But how all that chasing and sliding runs up shoe bills—no matter how much you scold!

Don't spoil his fun. Save your breath—*and save money*—by getting him shoes with Goodyear Wingfoot Soles.

Talk about wear! No sole ever built will outlast these tough, sure-footed, waterproof soles. And everybody knows that a longer-wearing sole keeps a shoe good longer.

Best of all, they cost nothing extra—on new shoes or at repair shops. Be thrifty. Look for this trade-mark—

NRA

GOODYEAR

Wingfoot Soles
make shoes wear longer

Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, and Hardie Albright in the melodrama, The Ninth Guest.

ing his own pictures. Again too lazy to use words when he talks, his amazing rapid incoherence is still, particularly against the background of Will Rogers's careful drawl, almost frighteningly funny. Good shot: Fetchit washing dishes with his feet to avoid standing.

★★½ SPITFIRE

THE PLAYERS: Katharine Hepburn, Robert Young, Ralph Bellamy, Martha Sleeper, Sidney Toler, and others. Directed by John Cromwell.

Katharine Hepburn's career in Hollywood is unique in several respects but particularly in the circumstance that as yet she shows no signs of being typed. It may be true that her inflections are so peculiarly her own that they do not appear to vary with her rôles, and that she is still much more a personality than an actress.

In A Bill of Divorcement Katharine Hepburn was the unhappy daughter of a morose lunatic; in Christopher Strong she was an aviatrix in leather breeches; in Morning Glory she gave an amazing performance as a young actress whose career in some respects duplicated her own; and in Little Women, for the sake of variety, she was a mid-Victorian tomboy emerging tentatively from the nursery. What she is in Spitfire seems to be something in the nature of an adolescent faith healer living in a Kentucky mountain shack and working minor miracles with a pack of holy cards.

Whether you like the picture or not will depend to some extent on whether its sentimentalized picture of country life in the hill-billy precincts seems plausible and on whether you can believe that such a heroine as Trigger—who earns her living by taking in washing smuggled to her by a half-witted friend because the neighbors think that she, Trigger, is a witch—is a credible or a fascinating character.

Hepburn's characterization is beautiful work, various, easy, emphatic, unaffected. If any actress could have performed the trick of bringing Trigger to life, she could have done it. In the opinion of this department the trick failed to come off—because items of idiomatic slang like "sons of Satan," "consarned," and "critter" are not, by themselves, an entirely satisfactory substitute for observant or honest dialogue; and because in its first intentions Spitfire is less a character study or a story than an insincere and antiquated sermon.

★★½ THE NINTH GUEST

THE PLAYERS: Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, Hardie Albright, Edward Ellis, Edwin Maxwell, Vincent Barnett, Helen Flint, Samuel S. Hinds, Nella Walker, Sidney Bracey. Directed by R. William Neill.

That people who live in penthouses should not give parties is an adage which the characters in moving-picture stories have had ample time to verify. The penthouse party in The Ninth Guest is possibly the most disastrous of the long series of such entertainments which in the cinema have led to drunkenness, thievery, murder, infidelity, and alliances with dance directors.

The guests who assemble on the roof in this picture are a politician, a banker, a college president, a discharged professor, a journalist, and three women. While they are waiting for their host a voice from the radio informs them that they have been invited there for the purpose of being killed.

What follows is an interesting and mildly morbid survey of the way this gloomy prophecy comes true. One by one, each suspecting all the others of having arranged the party, the members of it drop off, as violently as possible.

★★½ NO MORE WOMEN

THE PLAYERS: Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, Sally Blane, Minna Gombell, Christian Rub, and others. Directed by Albert Rogell.

As male examples of the kind of typing which Katharine Hepburn has been lucky enough to avoid, you could hardly find better subjects than Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe. They made What Price Glory five years ago, and they have been grunting and snarling at each other, as Sergeant Flagg and Corporal Quirt under different names, ever since, to very good effect at the box office. No More Women is their usual act, this time with Minna Gombell and then Sally Blane—as a shopgirl who has in-

herited a salvage tug—as the women who cause them in the last reel to renew their resolution to leave women alone in the future.

No More Women makes good program entertainment.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol, Little Women, The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet.

★★★—Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo Wife Traders, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer.

Twenty Questions

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is a beagle?

2—Foist means what?

3—What is a yashmak?

4—Who organized the United States Steel Corporation?

5—Where was the first commercial telegraph line in the United States?

6—Who was John Carver?

7—What is the nautical name for the period a seaman spends at the wheel?

8—What book is most widely read?

9—Who was the Indian maiden who saved Captain John Smith?

10—Where are the Faroe Islands?

11—What does the name Japan signify?

12—What is the name of the beetle held sacred in ancient Egypt?

13—Which city is said to be the oldest in existence?

14—What is the common name for diluted acetic acid?

15—Who was Catharine Howard?

16—Where is the Aswan Dam?

17—What are the high seas?

18—Which President of the United States was known as Old Hickory?

19—What metal offers the least resistance to electricity?

20—Where and when was Yale University founded?

(Answers will be found on page 62)

NEW HEALTH & BEAUTY This Amazingly Easy Way

Remarkable, New-type Pasteurized Yeast Ends Dull, Muddy Skin and Ugly Blemishes—Corrects Common Cause of Constipation

WHY let the poisons of constipation drag you down, rob you of health and happiness? Why be ashamed of a sallow, blotchy or old looking skin when this simple, easy treatment will do wonders for you? Thousands have found that it brings a clear, lovely skin — perfect digestion and elimination.

"My skin was in very poor condition," writes a lady in South Boston, Mass., "but since taking your pasteurized yeast, the blemishes and pimples have completely disappeared." "I always had trouble with constipation until last winter when I started taking Yeast Foam Tablets. Now my elimination troubles are completely corrected. Your tablets were a great find for me." In such cases, the trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That's just what Yeast Foam Tablets provide.

New Health and Beauty

These delicious tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain rich stores of the precious vitamins B and G—the nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes disappear. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new beauty and new health.

These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are made of pure yeast. Remember, pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. In the average diet these essential elements are sadly deficient. In some of our most common foods they are entirely lacking! Yeast Foam Tablets are so helpful because they are super-rich in these nutritive factors.

See for yourself

Yeast Foam Tablets are very different from ordinary yeast. They cannot cause gas or discomfort. They keep fresh for months and are always uniform in vitamin content. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. See what this remarkable corrective food will do for you. Get a bottle today!

ON THE AIR *every Sunday afternoon, Jan Garber's "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.*

FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me free sample of Yeast Foam Tablets and descriptive circular.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*..... *L-11*

Every Other Inch

Comes War—and Our Hero Is Down, But a Long Ways from Being Out

READING TIME • 32 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

B. J. HASDID, mogul of the moving-picture industry, decides it is time for the world to know him better through a biography. Carl Vogel, who has put biography in the big-money class, is selected to do the job. Pending Vogel's arrival in Hollywood, Mr. Hasdid is dictating notes on his life to his secretary, Lottie Graham.

Mr. Hasdid tells of his father's arrival in this country from Turkey with a capital of two dollars. He relates the story of his own early struggles, his marriage to Rosetta, and eventual emergence into the cinema field.

Mr. Hasdid tells of his meeting with Virginia Carter and of his investing his entire capital of $20,000 in making full-length movies with that charming lady as the star. He follows his career as he adds Larry Bison, first Western hero, and Lita Colta to his staff of stars. He traces the development of his company to a leading position in the cinema industry, due entirely to his own foresight, energy, determination, artistry, and what have you, etcetera.

At the moment Mr. Hasdid, in addition to the manifold cares of his lofty position, is much worried by his son David. That youth has left the college he has been attending in the East and has returned home. In a dramatic interview he tells his father that he intends to take a trip around the world, working his way on tramp steamers, and that he hopes some day to become a writer. He spurns the obvious opportunity of becoming the executive head of the great House of Hasdid.

Mr. Hasdid is, as he expresses it, "in a tumor," and with difficulty resumes his dictation, which has brought his life up to the beginning of the World War.

PART FOUR

"WRITE YOUR OWN TICKET—WITHIN REASON"

PERSONALLY, I was not surprised when it come, as I have always had my index finger more or less on humanity's pulse. I refer, Lottie, to War (capital W), that dread monster, roused from its long sleep by ruthless ruffians, greedy giants with no thought beyond the moment, wrecking havoc over Flanders Field, bringing sorrow to millions of hearts, throwing a great world into a widow's weeds, and hurting pictures like nobody's business, what with closing some of our best foreign markets.

I was against our making an entrance, Lottie. It was their fight and what the hell? said I. Leave them fight it out alone. *But* (underline that, Lottie) once we was committed, so to speak, to a suicide's course by the will of God and Woodrow Wilson—he was only a Democrat but a man for all that—I was one of the first to leap into the breeches.

Hey, Lottie, what's wrong with you? Here I am, giving my life's

I was past the age, y'understand, where I was in any danger of being called, but only a coward who fears an ill wind thinks of keeping out of a draft. So I went practically instanter to my physician for a thorough examination before offering my body to the great cause of Peace on Earth. Well, Lottie, it was a heartbreaking experience. He discovered that while in every other regards I was a perfect specimen of God's handiwork, I was cursed with an optical illusion, which, while slight, was enough to give me pause.

Well, Lottie, I was down, maybe, but a long ways from being out. My next move was to wire to President Wilson offering my services as a dollar-a-year man—I was among the very first of the big men of this country to suggest making this great sacrifice. I offered to come to Washington at once to make pictures for the government, a propaganda which would have done much toward bringing the war to a quick conclusion. However, Wilson couldn't see it my way. His secretary sent me a very cordial wire that the government had no plans for the making of pictures, but that when and if it did, it would not fail to get in touch with me. I am proud of that intimate, personal recognition by a great President of my genius.

Defeated at every turn, Lottie, I next turned my eyes homeward, and proceeded to make Hollywood safe for Democracy. As Hollywood was already taking the lead in other forms of endeavor, artistic, creative, and so on, it should show the rest of the map up in the matter of

An Anonymous

A Gentleman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK SWAIN

blood to this matter, and the best you can do is indulge in a nap!

national defense. And so I set about organizing the Home Guards. I called a meeting of the big executives of every studio together and outlined my plan, which was cheered to the very echo. I elected myself leader of the Home Guards with practically a unanimous vote, and was given the ornery title of Colonel, a title which clings to me even to this day, and of which I am more than justly proud of.

Well, I set right to work putting my studio on a war-time basis. My first act was a drastic pay slash from top to bottom, with no exceptions—a move which brought down on my head a whirlpool of criticism. But I called my entire force together and in a ringing speech denounced the man or woman who would quibble at a time like this, with Our Boys Over There, at making a paltry sacrifice. I reminded them that if I, their leader, could first take a drastic slash in my pay, were they not ready to follow in my wake?

Next I organized the Vigilance Committee. As every one knows, the cities of our great country at this time was full of dastards trying to break down the nation's moral, conscientious objectors who was too cowardly to fight their country's battles but was acting as spies in the pay of the enemy, and so on, and Hollywood was as full as any other city. My Vigilance Committee worked day and night, without remittance, always on the scent, following up trails, entering people's homes without warning if they was under suspicion and giving them a third degree.

Hollywood Saga

Every afternoon the bugle would sound, and from five to six every employee in my studio, irregardless of sex, would be compelled to report for drill. I point with pride to the fact that I was the first man of parts in America to put women on an equal footage with men. I will also say they more than justified my belief in them, as they learned to drill quite as good as the men. It put heart into a man to see these patriotic lassies drilling in their little uniforms, which I had designed myself—bare legs, shorts, Sam Brown belts, tight-fitting jackets, and little cockades. I was here, there, and everywhere, giving commands and bringing order out of chaos.

SO as you see, Lottie, Hollywood was doing its bit to make America "safe for Democracy." (Quote that, Lottie.) And if the Kaiser had any notion as how he could enter America *via* the Pacific—a suspicion of mine which my spies had no trouble in verifying—he was sure scared out of it by the bold front which we showed.

Here, Lottie, I think we should add a codicil, so to speak, to this chapter, and say a few words about the beautiful war memorial of which I made a free-will offering of to the city of Los Angeles—the magnificent comfort station in memory of Our Boys Over There, which was a repulcher of the Tomb of Napoleon.

We threw it open to the public on July 4 of the year of our Lord A. D. 1929, with a simple but elaborate ceremony, and Virginia Carter, all done up in white with a sheaf of pink roses—which she never goes out without—was there to christen it. And a very touching ceremony it was, too. I have given Los Angeles, which I look upon as my natatory city even though I wasn't born there, many gems of art and utility, such as my hospital on Orange

Terrace, with its 3,000 beds, and the great fountain at Five Points, with its twenty-seven color combinations, and so on. But no gift of mine is so close to my heart as Napoleon's Tomb, which is open twenty-four hours out of every day, and which welcomes all creeds, all colors, all classes; for I am a man of broad beliefs.

Even though certain nearsighted people may accuse me of bumbast, I feel I should set down here the compliment H. L. Mencken paid me when I asked him how he liked my comfort station as a piece of art, to which he replied that it served to bring back to a man's mind all the horrors of the late war.

Here's a funny one, Lottie, I just noticed in Winnie Walters' column: "We wonder whose loyal handmaid it is who is seeing a great deal just now of a certain intellectual—a young Lothario come out of the East? For our part, we would almost think that loyal handmaid has did enough already. But she didn't look as if she felt that way last evening in the neighborhood of Malibu."

I don't like Winnie Walters a little bit, but you got to admit she puts some swift ones in her little column. I like it best when she don't mention no names—like in this article I just read you—which keeps everybody guessing and makes for a good time generally. And it's a scream, Lottie, how the people Winnie digs at in these little squiffs think it's the other fellow who is being showed up.

WELL, Lottie, to take up where we left off. The war continued, and while the picture business abroad was all shot to hell, it was doing a land-office at home.

And this hysteria continued *after* the war, with business growing and Hasdid Pictures, Inc., expanding, until it become, like Britain's Empire, vast, compelling, all-dominating, ruling the world.

And here, Lottie, I must needs pause a spell to quelch certain ugly stories that took root around a certain act of mine.

Early in my career, as I have outlined above, I gave birth to this child so dear to my heart, the motion picture. I have held this laughing babe in my arms, its chubby fingers clutching greedily at my father's breast, seeking the rich milk of human kindness which flew so freely. If I have seemed ruthless and cruel, I have been cruel only to be kind, holding ever to my ideal and resenting any efforts on the part of grosser souls to stay me in my course.

And so it was at about this time I broke with Joe Lissberger. I have already told about how he loaned me $11,000 when the fate of The Virginia Coquette was at stake, a kindly act if you will, Lottie, but one by which he made a huge profit year after year with his ten per cent interest in Hasdid Pictures, Inc., which he had squeezed out of me—me being utterly helpless at the time. I had contemplated this move for some time, but was always held back by loyalty and friendship.

You see, Lottie, I was the artist, the idealist, the visualist, the radical, while Joe was conservative and—er—well, sordid isn't exactly the word, Lottie, but you know what I mean. I was—well, like Prometheus straining at the leash, eager to fly off to Parnassus, while Joe, poor earth-bound Joe, was only a load-stone around my neck.

And so, Lottie, without wasting time on the technical details involved, I sold Joe out at a profit—a profit to him, I mean. I gained nothing from the transaction, I *wanted* nothing (underline "wanted," Lottie), only my freedom as an artist.

I left myself open, as you can imagine, Lottie, for a lot of criticism. But this criticism, much of which enemated from Joe himself, fell on stony soil. No matter what Joe had done, might do, I would be "once a friend, always a friend." I proved that later, Lottie, when I sent for his two boys, grown then to young manhood, and offered them jobs in my employ, where they could learn the business of pictures from a master mind. They not only flung my generosity back into my teeth, but they heaped on my head such a volley of vituperation as I never dreamed could issue from human lips.

It put heart into a man to see these patriotic lassies drilling in their little uniforms, which I had designed myself.

And now, Lottie, I come to an episode which will bring my son, David, into this narrative.

DAVID was growing older and was a matter of concern to me. I had wanted my boy first of all to be a he-man, but I was beginning to have doubts. I had spent a fortune on all sorts of pariphenalia to that end, boxing gloves, guns, and the like. I had gotten Larry Bison to teach him to ride. I had even gone so far as to give him lessons myself in the manly art of self-defense. All this, however, did no more than bore him. The only sports he seemed interested in was to go off by himself for long walks and to pour himself over books—all of which in a boy of thirteen is nothing but morbid.

Well, to put a cap on the climax, I comes home one evening earlier than was my custom, and finds David in the parlor taking a music lesson at the piano. Well, what with a couple of things at the studio which had give me the irk, I was in no mood to be trifled with. So I cleared that parlor as quick as a flash, sent David up to his room, and went after Rosetta. Well, Lottie, a couple of things must have upset Rosetta that day, too, for I found *her* in no mood to be trifled with.

"So," I says, very much in a heat, "you and young Mr. Hasdid are very busy these days, I hear, pulling off things behind my back!"

"The idea," says Rosetta, her voice trembling but her eyes flashing, "is that I knew very well the attitude that you would take towards David's music, so I determined to say nothing about it."

"IN other words," I answers, "I am to have no voice in the education of my own flesh and blood!"

"B. J. dear," retorts Rosetta, her voice throbbing like an organ, "I never interfere in your business—in any way, at any time. I think I deserve that same courtesy from you where *my* business is concerned."

"In other words," I queries, my ire up, "I am to be a provider, but otherwise a virtual stranger to my son, David! Next you will probably tell me he is *not* my son!"

"B. J. dear!" flashed Rosetta—but it was only a flash, for I was in no mood to be toyed with.

"Listen, Rosetta," I interpolates. "I got no desire to give dictation, but the music lessons is out! Nobody is going to make a damned sissy out of my son."

Well, sir, she turned as white as a chameleon. "I see no reason," she whispers, "why a boy should be considered effeminate just because he plays the piano."

"That," I cries, my voice ringing like a gong, "is only one person's opinion, and so is not worth the paper it is wrote upon."

"You seem," continues Rosetta, who was beginning to get on my nerves, "to be overlooking several glaring instances. What's the matter with George Gershwin?"

"Nothing as I ever hear of," I snaps back. "But why change the subject? Also," I rushes on, preventing her from putting in her oar, as I loathe an argument, which never gets a woman anywhere. "Also there is Irving Berlin, who is all right too, making a fortune out of songs and not marrying so bad, either. You will, I suppose, drag in Brahms and Box, who also done well. But the point is that all these boys came by their ear for music by natural succession, whereas David's father, while a musician at heart, has bigger and better talents, and a son, as everybody should know, derives from his father, and that's that!"

"In that case, B. J.," answers Rosetta, very quiet like, "David should never enter motion pictures, for he hasn't the slightest interest in them."

"That's no argument," I replies, sizzling. "He may not be interested now. But if he is my son he will be full of germs which, with my guidance, will in time work their way to the surface."

WELL, to make a long story short, I decided then and there it was high time David was being got away from the baleful influence of home, where he was tied to his mother's apron, out where he could learn to stand on his own feet and not on his father's. I had already discussed the matter with Rosetta of sending him to a big Eastern school. She was all for leaving him continue in a Hollywood public school, which was only so as she could go on coddling him like a new-laid egg. But I told her I was dead against these California schools, where the son of an aristocrat had to mingle with all classes.

Meanwhile I had gone thoroughly into the matter of schools, and discovered that the Galesburg School for Boys in Maryland was the *non plus ultra* and very exclusive, which was just what I wanted, so I begins making an appliance for David's entrance. Well, Lottie, believe it or not, my appliance was refused, the dean or what have you saying that sons of foreign parents were not encouraged to enter said institution, where they would not be at home among a lot of American offspring.

Well, Lottie, there's nothing that brings out the metal in me like opposition. People have tried before to keep me out of some better places than the Galesburg School for Boys—and failed.

Well, Lottie, I sat down and begun studying the situation from every angle, like as if I was a general planning to surprise the enemy. But the more I studied, the more I realized that to attack now was only to waste my ammunition. And so, as I had so often done before when hemmed in on all sides, I asked myself, "What would Napoleon have done?"

I need hardly tell you, Lottie, the reverence I have always felt for this great man, with whom I have ever felt a strange kinship. As I knelt for the first time by his tomb in the Louver, I became conscious of a queer feeling, that in me, perhaps, Napoleon had reached his full flower—the carnation, so to speak. I am a great believer in carnation, Lottie.

Well, Lottie, after going into a huddle with Napoleon, I realized the best move I could make was to make no move at all, but to abide my time, as he had had to do so often in his great career.

Well, sir, it wasn't many months before an extraordinary thing happened, which rewarded my patience and dumped the whole situation right into my lap. I refer to the death in Philadelphia of J. R. Carmichael, whose generosity for years had been the foundation of the Galesburg School. He must have been half cracked, for he left no will. So what with his heirs fighting like a

pack of hounds over his fortune, the Galesburg School was, as you might say, on its uppers, not to mention needing new equipment like an up-to-date gymnasium.

Well, Lottie, here was a sign straight from heaven. I had my lawyer from New York, who was an American and a thorough gentleman, go right down to Galesburg to interview the president. He spoke of my reputation as an educator and my peculiar interest in the Galesburg School, an interest which had grown with the years. He spoke of my great sorrow over the death of Carmichael, and then, with the nicest diplomacy, of my desire to take his place as a benefactory. He spoke of a new gymnasium and the remodeling of the old chapel, always too small for real comfort, and the installation of a magnificent new pipe organ. Lastly he mentioned the B. J. Hasdid Foundation, a benefaction which should go on to the end of time.

Well, to make a long story short, the board, after a few days of necessary cogitation, wires me their reply, which, I need scarcely add, was no negative. In due course of time my David was enrolled as a student.

This, Lottie, I consider one of the proudest chapters in a long and various career.

I will now endeavor to take up in their natural sequence—

Hey, Lottie, what's wrong with you? Here I am, giving my life's blood to this matter, and the best you can do is indulge in a nap! I don't give a tinkle's dam if you did just "drop off." While you're dropping off I'm likely to give birth to something monumental, and furthermore, it's a corollary on my whole undertaking. Do you think I am talking just to hear myself talk? If you have been burning a candle at both ends, you'd better stay home tomorrow and catch up on your sleep.

. . . . . .

WELL, Lottie, you sure should have been here yesterday. While you was home sleeping it off, plenty was happening around here. You would have killed yourself laughing. I must tell you about it before we begin our dictation.

I don't know as you remember it, but a few weeks ago Jake Strauss comes to me with a story out of one of those highbrow magazines by a Felix Holt, who I had never heard tell of, and says I should read it; which I did when I come around to it. Well, it was the damnedest thing you ever saw! No plot or anything you could lay your hand on, but lousy with dialogue—and what dialogue! As Jake said, it made Edgar Phipps look like an illegitimate offspring of Noel Coward who was not quite bright.

Baby, was I excited? Here was a chance to give Phipps the gate and get an unknown writer who could do his job a lot better for a tenth of the money, and even then I would be overpaying him. So I tell Jake to get in touch with his agent, if the poor boob has one, and offer him a five-year contract, starting at fifty a week, with plenty of options in case he goes sour after the first few weeks and we want to can him. Well, Jake has an aitch of a time locating this Felix Holt. His publishers are very cagy about giving out any information about him. All of which only give me the itch, for when I get my mind set on this or that I go plumb bersek till I get it. Well, finally Jake reports that this Holt is all the time right here in Hollywood.

Well, right away I gets Zeke Rosenheimer on the phone and tells him to have Holt over here to my office. I always throw any business I can in Zeke's way, as he is a great little agent and a second cousin of mine, and besides I own fifty-one per cent of his agency.

Well, yesterday morning the girl announces that Mr. Felix Holt is here by appointment to see Mr. Hasdid. Well, I makes him wait for a half an hour or so, to put him in his place, whereupon I buzzes him to come in. In a minute the door opens, but I goes on with something I had to do, not even looking up but advising him to take a seat. So presently I glances up kind of annoyed like, as 'twere, at being interrupted, and who do I see sitting there, in a thoroughly relaxed altitude gazing out the window, but David!

Well, Lottie, I guess you can picture my surprise to see young Mr. Hasdid in my office, for you could hardly ever drag David to my studio even when he was a kid. I knew

WITH
ETIQUET
(TRADE MARK)
REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.
BRAND OF
ANTI-K
COMPOUN
Join the parade
to Quality

MPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
We are marching back to Quality—in gasoline as in everything else. Join the parade. The anti-knock rating of Ethyl is the world's highest, yet its price is now only 2¢ a gallon over regular. Less, on the average, than a dollar a month to make the most of your car investment!
NEXT TIME GET ETHYL
Ethyl contains sufficient lead (tetraethyl) to make it the world's quality motor fuel.

in a minute, of course, that he had dropped in for just only one purpose, which was to make a touch. So I fainted indifference right away, at which I am very clever, as you got to throw up defense mechanisms, especially with relatives, or else look like something on which a lot of bees has swarmed.

I don't want to convey the notion, Lottie, that I'm ever one to begrudge, which is far from so—some one once wrote about me that Hasdid's hand was always out, which is gospel. But I had, you see, put the scissors on David's allowance, as a matter of discipline, to show him that he couldn't throw up his education and be a cake-eater at the same time. Well, he keeps on lounging there like he was too full of eneva to get up, and looking out the window, which has no vista whatever, till I begins to burn. So presently I calls out, important like, "All right, old man, what can I do for you?" With that he shifts his objective and fixes his pale-blue eyes on me, like as if he resented my intrusion.

"I haven't the faintest idea," he drawls. "The question you just posed should be reversed, I should say, since it was you who sent for me."

Well, this gives me a high dungeon. I am as humorous as anybody, but a joke can be a joke. So I cries out, fretful like, "See here, boy, I got no time for air and persiflage. I got a twelve-o'clock appointment with Felix Holt and it's nearly one now, so you better beat it, and if you want to see me about something, make an appointment."

"I have no wish," he says, "to encroach on the time of a busy man like you, Mr. Hasdid, who makes an appointment for twelve and keeps a man waiting for forty minutes. It so happens that I am Felix Holt."

WELL, Lottie, you could have knocked me over with a ton of brick. I was flabbergassed. Somebody was trying to rib me, sure as hell, and I didn't like it.

"Where in hell is Zeke Rosenheimer?" I calls out. "And why in aitch didn't he come over here with you?"

By this time, of course, I had more or less drawn myself together, which put us on an equal footage, although I was still by no means my normal controlled self.

"Well, I'm a son of a gun!" I says. "So you're Felix Holt—which means, I take it, that you're too proud to use your father's name, which he has spent a lifetime in enhancing, but make up a name out of whole cloth which no one ever heard tell of before."

"I took another name," he replies, very apologetic like, "for another reason. I wanted to succeed on my own merits, if any. By using my father's distinguished name I could have sold anything to a publisher, which would have done little credit to me and none at all to you." Which you must admit, Lottie, was a fair argument.

Well, here was a chance to get hold of a good writer and to also do my son a turn, as he had probably got a mere pittance from those highbrow magazines. So I says, expanding into a genial smile, "Well, Holt, and how would you like to work for Hasdid Pictures, Inc.?"

"I really couldn't say," he replies, giving his eyebrows a lift. "It's a possibility I've never given the slightest consideration"—which give me an inward laugh, as you can imagine. I could see in a flash he was just trying to put on an act, which was okay with me, being, as you know, a master of theater technique my own self.

"What is your proposition?" he drawled, compressing a yawn.

"I will offer you," I says, as if I was weighing the subject, "a five-year contract—with the usual options—starting at fifty dollars a week."

For a minute he didn't move or anything. Then:

"Does that include my room and board?"

And before I could make a retort he adds:

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Hasdid. The figure you quoted would hardly permit me to continue in the grandiose style to which your generosity as a father has accustomed me."

"I see," I replied. And wishing to draw him out, as 'twere, I adds, "And what would *your* proposition be?"

"I didn't come here with a proposition, Mr. Hasdid," he returns after a moment. "However, since you have been so cordial, I can hardly be less so. My proposition would be no term contract at all. I might not like you,

and then, if I suddenly left you, as I undoubtedly would, there would be hard feelings. I might consider writing you a story, in which case I would demand $25,000—$10,000 down and $15,000 at the end of three months when I deliver you the final script."

I gasped. But before I could translate my astonishment he goes on: "I would permit no interference from you or any of your hirelings—and that includes supervisors and directors as well as office boys. I would write where I chose and when I chose, and certainly never within the walls of your little factory."

"Swell!" I chimes in, like as if I was with him every step of the way. "And where would you be all this time—if I'm not being impertinent?"

"Don't be absurd, old man," he hastens to assure me. "I should probably be on a trip around the world. I mentioned something of the sort the other night, if I'm not mistaken."

"Swell!" I adds encouragingly. "And suppose this story of yours is nothing but a washout—what then?"

"In that case, Mr. Hasdid," he gives me to understand, "your studio would seem to be stuck." With which he throws his gaze out the window again, as if there was nothing more to be said.

"Your proposition is very attractive, Mr. Holt," I says, like as if he was handing me something or other on a silver platter—"very attractive indeed. However, strange as it may seem, I'm not interested."

"I didn't expect you would be"—and he turns his eyes inward and floods me with one of his smiles, the little so-and-so. "My proposition was ridiculous, and I knew a man of your intelligence would only laugh at me."

"Say, what's the big idea?" I asks, beginning to get sore. But before I can get good and sore he is out of his chair and leaning over my desk.

"Don't begrudge me my little joke, dad," he says, gratiating himself with me. "You've given me a perfectly swell experience. Felix Holt must be okay when B. J. Hasdid sends for him. You see, dad, I had to do something to justify my existence. The only thing I *could* do was to write. I wasn't so sure I could do *that*. However, thanks to Lottie Graham, I kept at it until finally a couple of magazines begun taking an interest in me."

Which nettles me like nobody's business, Lottie, him making a confidence woman out of you while his own father he regulates to the lumbo.

"And why in hades don't I never hear something about all this till this morning?" I cries, feeling greatly abused and determined to let him know about it.

"I meant to, dad, a dozen times, but I kept putting it off till I could make one of the big magazines."

"Listen, boy," I says, leaning across the desk. "Let's drop all this how-are-you and get down to business. Some day some one will have to succeed me as the head of this great organization I have built up single-handed, with God's help. I want you, my son, to carry on this great tradition. In other words, here is a berth which is all ready for you to step into."

"THAT'S awfully nice of you, dad—I mean it," he replies, his voice throbbing. "But I don't care for other people's berths. I prefer to make my own bed. Then, if I don't like the way it sleeps, I've no one to blame but myself."

"You're crazy!" I blurts out, throwing tack to the four compasses.

"Granted," he replies without being venomous. "But I am also an individual who must carve out his own destiny. After all, you know, that was what you did, which means that I am more or less following in your footsteps."

"There's one thing you have overlooked," I answers, fighting him tooth and nail. "A man who expects to follow in my footsteps is got to be more than a mere mimic. He's got to have intelligence."

"Very true, old man," he retorts, very calm and possessive. "And a man with any intelligence would never attempt to follow in your footsteps."

And while I was gasping at what sounded like a dirty insinuendo, he hurries to add:

"I would only fail, father, where you have succeeded. No, old man. I must cultivate the talent I know I have. I may make a poor writer, but at least it will be an honest effort at something I want to do."

"All right," I says, willing to make a concession. "Come into the studio—you can start tomorrow—and learn your trade from the bottom up."

"I doubt if I shall ever work for any studio," he continues, with his tongue in his cheek like as if it was a sweet morsel.

"Why not?" I challenges him without much ado.

"Because, old man," he gives me to understand, "you producers don't make good pictures."

"Is that a fact?" I questions him, in a voice rich in sarcasm. "Hasdid pictures are nothing *but* good pictures. They always make money."

"So did Fanny Hill," he replies, "but that didn't make her a good woman." All of which was *non plus* to me, as I never heard tell of the woman.

"What's wrong with pictures?" I cries, determined on a show-down.

"SOMETHING is radically wrong," he replies very modestly, "as you producers would admit if you were honest. It isn't merely the depression that keeps your theaters so persistently empty. Since you are good enough to ask me, I should say you're afflicted with a tragic mother complex. Your child has grown to man's estate, and you still insist on its wearing Pickford curls and velvet panties. When Christmas comes he longs for a runabout, and all he gets is a rattle from 'dada.' In other words, your great movie public, strange as it may seem, has matured, and you either won't admit it or you don't know what in hell to do about it."

"Would you mind being more explicatory?" I cried, growing purple around the temples.

"Very well," he sighs. "You appeal to every sense your audience possesses—except his common sense. As producers you are equipped with everything you need, save only intelligence."

"Listen, boy!" I shouts, very much exercised. "We magnates have got the world's best brains at our beck and call."

"True enough," he admits with amazing grace. "But what good are all the brains in the world if you don't know how to use them?"

And before I can think of a quick comeback he forges on:

"Mechanically you are thoroughly equipped for the fight. Your guns are the last word in beauty and ingenuity. But what do you use for ammunition? Shelled peas! To be more explicatory, your cameras are marvelous, your angles are superb, your sets are dazzling, even your actors are adequate; but when the story is told, what does one hear? The same old version of 'Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep' with variations. You hire skilled writers, and what do you do with them? You stick them away in pretty little cells, equip them with knitting needles, and then forget about them."

Which is partly true, Lottie, as you know. There's one studio here who put Willy Horcher, the Swiss playwright and bell ringer, under a long-term contract. Well, he was around for four months without nothing to do, and getting nowhere socially, so he ups one morning and goes home without saying a word to anybody. Well, when he got back to his old Swiss chalet, instead of a welcome all he gets is hard words and jeers for turning down all that easy money, and is told to hurry back before any one in Hollywood can miss him. He knew this was ridiculous, of course, but as he was practically driven out of his old home town, there was nothing else he could do. Well, Lottie, believe it or not, his friends was in the right. He sneaked back on the lot one morning after he returned, found his name on the door like he had left it, and all his intervening checks and other mail shoved under the door. Of course, a thing like that couldn't never happen at my studio, but the poor gink had never been missed.

"Even when you condescend to use them," David went on, "you only misuse them."

Which is also true, Lottie, and maybe you remember of the case of Franz Nikisch, a Hungarian playwright who he let the Theater Guild do one of his plays, on account of which Colossal puts him under a long-term contract.

Well, he arrives in due time, is met at the railway station with the studio hack and a cameraman, and from then on ignored. Well, Nikisch, it seemed, was different from most of the writers who come to Hollywood. He loved to write, and so having to spend every day in a swivel chair was slowly wearing him down, when one day out of a clear sky old Holzapfel sends for him and tells him to get to work on an original—he can have his pick and choose of a subject—and to come back in six weeks.

Well, the poor little man was in ecstatics and starts right in to work up a scenario. Being a born Continental, he had to go and make his hero an illegitimate who eventually triumphs over the obstacles of birth, and him being only a love child, who in the finale becomes the ruler of an empire. Well, when he gets everything in shape, he hurries with it to old Holzapfel, who manages after a short delay of three weeks to glance over it. Holzapfel is nuts about it and sends for Nikisch.

"Your story is swell," he began. "A knockout! As a matter of fact I can't see no fault to find. The hero, of course, is all wrong, but we can fix that easy. His mother and father we got to have married right at the start, because you understand, of course, we can't have no illegitimates in Colossal pictures."

"But," cries poor Nikisch, who don't follow Holzapfel's broken English so good anyhow, "if he is no what-you-say illegitimate, there is no story."

"Don't you worry about that," answers Holzapfel, reassuring. "You just leave everything to my supervisors. By the time they get through with your story you won't never recognize it."

OF course, Lottie, all of the foregoing about Nikisch and Horcher I did not say to David, as it would only have been so much gristle to his mill.

"Look here, boy," I says, my voice shaking like an aspirin leaf. "You and I got to get together about a contract. How about lunch tomorrow at one o'clock?"

"It would be a waste of time, dad," he says, turning on me, though not ferociously. "I don't believe a man should ever associate with his relatives—in a business way."

"Listen, kid," I says, mowing down his fences like as if they was paper. "I'll tear up your old contract with Hasdid Pictures and let you write your own ticket—within reason," I adds shrewdly.

"It isn't the monetary consideration, old man," he pleads, practically giving in but still holding out.

I starts to interrupt him there, but he rises above me. "All I know about pictures is what I occasionally read in the papers. And my knowledge of life is about as limited. I'll tell you what I'll do," he says. "I'll go around the world—that ought to do something for me. Then, when I get back, I'll start to work for you without a contract. If we don't hit it off—well, we can part good friends. How about it?"

And he gives me his hand, like the straightforward lad he is. And I gives it right back to him.

And I says, "Listen, boy! You and me will always be good friends, through thick and thin."

And so we stand there for a minute, hand clasped in hand—and he's got a pressure like nobody's business, I'm telling you—two souls with but a single thought.

What a boy! You can see for yourself, Lottie, that he's got brains and is full of understanding, besides being as shrewd as you make them. Holding out on his own father for a bigger and better salary! Lottie, nothing in years has ever made me laugh so. As I said to Rosetta last night, she has good reason to be proud of this son I gave her in the springtime of our youth. He's going to make epochs, that boy. With him beside me in this wilderness called Hollywood, Hasdid Pictures is what you might say on the threshold. Already, Lottie, what that boy knows about pictures! I'm going to get rid of all of mine—a clean sweep—and get in a brand-new bunch.

So, even with a son determined to degrade himself by becoming a writer, Mr. Hasdid can see the ointment in spite of the buzzing of the fly. In the next installment of this poignant revelation you will find this redoubtable man launching another of his "enervations," this time one destined to rock the cinema industry to its heels.

HOW SPECIAL OIL MAKES CARS GO FASTER

ONLY USE PENNZOIL IN OUR "DEMONSTRATOR," JOE. IT GIVES ALL THE EXTRA SPEED AND PICK UP THAT ARE BUILT INTO OUR CARS
O.K. BOSS. TODAY'S HIGHER COMPRESSION MOTORS GET MORE GAS MILEAGE FROM PENNZOIL, TOO—!

World's Record Oil Increases Pick-up 10 to 25%—Saves You up to 12% on Gasoline

People who *know* motor oils are today insisting on Pennzoil. And no wonder! They know that by using this special oil their cars run smoother, easier, *faster*. They know that when they use the correct grade of Pennzoil they can get up to 12% better gasoline mileage.

And they also know that even the *lightest* grades of Pennzoil can stand the terrific punishment of record-breaking speeds!

Breaks 14 World's Records!

Ab Jenkins in his Pierce-Arrow proved this. Using a *light grade* of regular passenger-car Pennzoil he broke 14 major world's speed records from 200 to 3000 miles. Clocked a 2 mile-a-minute pace for 25½ consecutive hours! Only Pennzoil has enabled a car to go so far so fast!

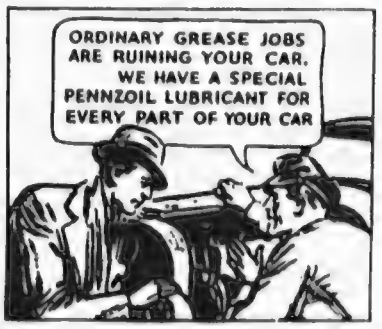
Here's the Reason!

Pennzoil is refined from the finest Pennsylvania crude. Then it is *3 times concentrated* to give it a *tough film*—to protect moving parts even at highest speeds.

With Pennzoil, the non-lubricating elements found in many plain oils are distilled off and discarded. This cuts down *engine drag*. Lets your motor run freer and easier. The elimination of engine drag (*plus* being able to use a lighter oil with *safety*) enables you to get more speed and faster pick-up—*and save money on gasoline, too!*

Try Pennzoil Today

Why buy plain oil when this *special* oil gives you so much more? Then be *sure* you get Pennzoil—from any bonded Pennzoil dealer.



WARNING TO CAR OWNERS!

At least *7 different lubricants* are vital to special parts of most cars. Failure to get *all* of them means trouble and expensive repairs. Have your car lubricated the Pennzoil Safety System way—*and be safe.*

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY

Executive Offices:
Oil City, Pa. Los Angeles, Calif.
British-American Oil Co., Ltd.

TOUGH-FILM PENNZOIL

BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER — 100% Pure Pennsylvania — PENNZOIL — Safe Lubrication

Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n. Permit No. 2

NRA

REFINERY-SEALED CANS *now available. Both cans and bulk Pennzoil are* SOLD UNDER BOND *to guard you from substitutes.*

MAKES CARS GO FASTER..SAVES ON GASOLINE

"YOU PICKED YOUR HILL: NOW TRY THAT ROUGH ROAD!"

OLDSMOBILE'S CHALLENGE: Phone a dealer—"Oldsmobile" in the classified section of the phone book. He will bring you a new 1934 car for a *show-me* ride.

Then *you* pick the roads for your test—the toughest you know—and the more stones, ruts, gravel, potholes, thank-you-marms and steep hills the better. Don't baby an Oldsmobile; treat it rough. Ride in the back seat, then drive.

If at the end of the ride you don't say the 1934 Oldsmobile is the smoothest, sturdiest, most stable and obedient car you have ever been in—don't buy an Oldsmobile.

"Best-looking low-price car at the New York and Chicago Shows," the public voted. More than that, it takes full advantage of the revolutionary improvements of 1934. Its Knee-Action Wheels, self-energizing Super-Hydraulic Brakes, Center-Control Steering and Ride Stabilizer are only a few of a score of new things that make Oldsmobile the completely up-to-date car.

More room and comfort, more power and speed, more safety, more economy . . . more everything except price. Accept Oldsmobile's challenge to a *show-me* ride. Phone an Oldsmobile dealer for that personal test today.

. . .

Sixes $640 and up, Eights $845 and up, list price at Lansing. Spare tire with lock, metal tire cover, bumpers front and rear, and rear spring covers built in all cars at extra cost.

KNEE-ACTION WHEELS No more jouncing on uneven roads. Front wheels cushioned on strong coil springs. Back seat as easy riding as front. Your ride becomes a *glide*.

SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES Slightest toe-touch brings quick, smooth, safe stop. Brakes are self-energizing—motion of car increases stopping power.

CENTER-CONTROL STEERING Road shocks no longer transmitted to hands from steering wheel. Car keeps on course with no steering effort.

RIDE STABILIZER No more lurching—no roll and sway. The Stabilizer, joined to double-action shock absorbers, keeps the car on even keel, adding greatly to comfort, safety and ease of control.

NOW 9-OUT-OF-10 NEW-CAR FAMILIES CAN AFFORD THE STYLE LEADER

OLDSMOBILE

SIX . . . $640 COSTS ONLY $6 TO $7 A MONTH MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

EIGHT . . . $845 SAVES HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS AS AGAINST OTHER FINE CARS

by
FREDERICK
HAZLITT
BRENNAN

DESTRO

A Novel of a Love

READING TIME 29 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

JOEL TIERNAN, gunnery officer of the U. S. Destroyer Spearman, is in love with Aithra Leidig, wife of the commander of his ship. Aithra returns his love but refuses to leave her husband. She tells Joel that Leidig has some deep moral illness and that he needs her. Joel knows that Leidig has another woman, Mrs. Gorce, but he cannot tell Aithra.

Joel's brother officers on the Spearman are Lieutenant James Horus, executive officer, First Lieutenant Chenoweth, Lieutenant Dennis Karnell, torpedo officer, Lieutenant Dorne, and Ensign Starling.

Leidig's trouble has affected the whole ship. He has lost the habit of command, and morale on the Spearman is at a low ebb.

Joel, by hard work, brings up the gunnery of the ship and makes a notable record at the targets. Leidig is vastly

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

● "You love that guy. Don't you love that guy? Even though he has left you flat broke in this lousy port."

pleased. He seems to be gaining some mastery over himself. The ship becomes "taut."

The destroyer division is ordered to Shanghai and there the smoldering fire breaks out. Mrs. Gorce forces herself on Aithra and tells her the truth. Aithra tells Leidig that she knows, and he blames Joel for all the trouble. He threatens Joel in a scene of dramatic intensity.

Leidig begins to drink heavily again and neglects his duty. Aithra and Joel spend together every moment of time that he can spare from the ship. Aithra has been cruelly shocked by hearing the story of Leidig's relations with Mrs. Gorce and believes that it is his duty to stay with this woman whom he has wronged. She is greatly worried, however, by stories she hears of Leidig's condition.

Finally Aithra insists that she must see Leidig, knowing that he is with Mrs. Gorce. She and Joel go to Mrs. Gorce's apartment. Mrs. Gorce refuses to let Aithra see Leidig. Just at that moment Leidig, unkempt and nervously shattered, comes into the room asking: "Who is it?"

Vol. 1 . . Every other week . . No. 4

OLD MR. BOSTON

Bartender's Guide

Here are three more cocktail recipes to try containing Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin. Send the coupon below for free book containing complete collection.

BENNETT COCKTAIL

1-2 Teaspoon Powdered Sugar
2 Dashes Cocktail Bitters
1-4 Lime Juice
3-4 Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin
Shake well in ice and strain

DARB COCKTAIL

1-3 French Vermouth
1-3 Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin
1-3 Old Mr. Boston Apricot Nectar
4 Dashes Lemon Juice
Stir well in ice and strain

GOLDEN GATE COCKTAIL

3-4 Orange Ice
1-4 Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin
Place in shaker and shake—no ice.

If you can't wait 52 weeks to get a complete set of these recipes, send any part of either label from a bottle of Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin (or a colored sketch) and receive the entire collection in attractive metallic covered book.

Another installment in Liberty *Apr. 28th*

OLD MR. BOSTON Dry Gin

"as smooth as old brandy"

This is not a solicitation of orders from any state, territory or district wherein it is unlawful to advertise or solicit orders for such liquors.

Ben-Burk, Inc. Distillers,
560 Harrison Ave.,
Boston, Mass.

Enclosed is 3¢ for postage and a label (or sketch of label) from bottle of Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin. Please send me Old Mr. Boston Bartender's Guide.

Name _____
(Use margin of page for address)

PART SEVEN

WAR CLOUDS, AND A FAREWELL

"OH—Jack!"

"Well, well—if it isn't the two little love birds!" His voice broke. "What did you come here for? We haven't an extra room, have we, my dear?"

"Jack!"

Aithra pushed past Mrs. Gorce. "Here—let me—" She began brushing his uniform coat with her hands. "You—you're ill, Jack. Why didn't you let me know?"

"Get away. Tiernan! Take her out of here—get her out of here—quick!"

"Come, Jack. You're going with us. You need rest."

He swayed weakly, his hands making feeble pushes at her.

"That's good. With *you*. To watch you and Tiernan—"

"Hush, Jack! Hush up, now. You come along with *me*."

"I won't go if he goes."

"Joel won't go. He'll go back to the ship."

"Awright, then. But if he laughs at me I'll—I'll—"

"Hush!"

She helped him past us and they went down the stairs. She looked back on the landing to plead with her eyes for my forgiveness and to say, "Tomorrow, Joel."

Mrs. Gorce and I stood there without a word between us until the sound of Aithra's automobile had died away.

"Why did you let her, Mr. Tiernan?"

"What—oh, I couldn't stop her."

Mrs. Gorce looked at me with a humble, tragic futility.

"I did everything I could," she said. "Everything he thought he wanted. It's his mind. He's awful queer now." Then, with a nervous giggle: "I'm almost glad she took him. I wasn't doing him any good. Well, maybe she can— Say, excuse me. You look like you needed a drink. Come in and I'll see what we have left."

"Thanks, no. I—I've got to get back to the ship."

I knew a drink wouldn't do any good.

AITHRA and I hid from each other. Cowardice kept me away from her house. I could not face this last crisis. On the morning after the episode at Mrs. Gorce's apartment, I learned from Horus that Leidig was in the British Hospital. Horus called it a "nervous breakdown." Dorne and Horus and Chenoweth and Starling called at the hospital, reporting that Leidig was allowed to see no one.

I spent one afternoon at the Shanghai Club, listening to the talk of trouble with Japan. When I returned to the ship, Starling met me at the gangway, his teeth chattering from another cause than the winter wind.

"Chenoweth got shot," he said, "and they brought him aboard, and Mr. Horus is ashore and I was all alone, so I didn't know what to do, and I'm afraid I'll get a court and—"

"Shot! Who shot him?" I asked.

"Her brother. Methea's brother. Her brother John. Should I have let him come aboard, sir?"

"Where is he?"

"They took him to my room, sir."

"Did they tell you how it happened?"

"No, sir—except it happened at the French Club and her brother was drunk and everybody's agreed to hush it up. Do you think Mr. Horus will make trouble for me?"

I went below and found Hurley, the pharmacist's mate, and Arturo dashing about with pillows and pans and medicines. Chenoweth was saying, "Put that junk away. I'm not hurt. I'm all right. I don't want Horus to think—"

HE sat up on the bunk when he saw me. His left shoulder was bandaged and the arm in a sling.

"Hello, Mort. Uh—you feel—all right?"

Chenoweth waved his right hand with perfect aplomb. He did not share my acute discomfiture at all.

"Sure. Just a scratch. I grabbed the crazy fool's gun and it went off. Ripped my shoulder a little."

"Just so the police don't get wind of it," I said.

"They won't. I was among gentlemen, thank God. All but Purvis—idiotic puppy!"

"What was the trouble between you?"

"Methea and I decided to elope. Her folks were going to take her back to England. I couldn't bear the thought of us being separated. The only girl I ever really cared for, Joel! All the others were—well—mistakes."

"Why the elopement?"

"Oh, you know those snooty Britishers. Wanted her to marry a title or something. They hounded her and she let me down. Must have told them our plans. I waited for her at the club and her brother came instead. Made the most filthy accusation! Well, that finished it. I'll never marry her now. Never!"

Hansen met me with a note.

"Messenger from the flagship just brought it over, sir."

I tore open the envelope.

My dear Tiernan:

Will it be convenient for you to drop in at our apartment, Astor House, tomorrow at three? A matter has come up which I should like to talk over with you. Cordially,

CHARLES HATFIELD,
Captain, U. S. N.

I felt the spur. Aithra and I could not hide from each other and the truth much longer. I went to my room with the intention of changing clothes for another trip ashore, when Horus sent for me. He was in uniform and had apparently just returned from a visit to Leidig.

"Mrs. Leidig asked me to hand you this," he said stiffly. He shoved a letter at me, then hurried on: "I have placed Mr. Chenoweth under technical arrest. I wish you would

look after his work for a few days until Captain Leidig is able to go into the case. Were you aboard when Mr. Chenoweth arrived with a party of civilians?"

"No, sir."

Horus grunted.

I did not wait to hear the comment of disgust he was on the verge of uttering. I stumbled back to my room. Aithra's letter was a leaden weight in my pocket. At first I lacked the will power even to reach for it.

At last:

Joel:

You know! I saw it in your eyes. You saw it in mine. I could not say the words. I am brave enough only to write them. I must die for you, and you must die for me. There is no other way for our love to live. I had thought we could do this thing to Jack and run away together. I had hoped our love would make it right. Dear Joel—how I hoped and lied and shut my eyes and hid in a kiss.

I sent Jack back to her, telling myself she would take care of him. I stayed on here, thinking I could arrange four lives in a neat pattern which would leave us free to be together always. Yet we were not free, and never could be, so long as our love robbed Jack of a single saving moment of strength.

He was nearly done for, that horrible evening we found him with her. He went to pieces utterly in the car, and Ignacio and I had to take him to the hospital. I feared his mind had broken. He is much better now, but the doctors think he should take a long sick leave. So we shall be going to the States soon. Sweetheart, please try to understand—it is Jack who has lost, no matter what happens between him and me. He tried to build a love on a great wrong—with her first, and then with me. We are warned in time.

These deaths in life to which we are sentencing each other will save us our love. Had we tried to live it through with Jack's shattered being under our feet— Oh, don't you see? We will have our love some day, if we are strong enough to keep it safe from selfishness and this cruel dirty world.

The pain of sending you away is almost intolerable. I do love you so! It is because I love, because I have the blessed sense of writing to my other self, that I have found the courage to send you this letter. Help me not to falter. We must not see each other again until we are truly free. Only tomorrow is ours, and that only through the white fire. Remember? Good-by, dear one.

AITHRA.

THE shock of it left me numb. I turned in at the usual hour and, as I remember, slept very well.

I have a clear recollection of the interview with Captain Hatfield. He received me alone in a small living room. He was red-faced and clumsy and blew his nose often. I felt no emotional reaction to his embarrassment, yet I was acute enough to suspect that Mrs. Hatfield was in another room listening. He went through considerable maneuvering before he reached his objective.

"Tiernan, your—um—ah—interest in a certain—well, I'll be frank—in Mrs. Leidig—"

"Yes, sir?"

"It won't do. We can't have it. Oh, now *don't* misunderstand me. You are both clean high-minded young people and there's been nothing—ah—out of the way. I know that. Mrs. Hat—we all know that. But Jack Leidig is my friend. He's your friend. Thinks the world and all of you. Said so. Won't stand for your being transferred. And he's right, dammit."

I was bored, or it felt that way.

"We're not seeing each other any more, sir," I said.

"Eh? Oh! That's fine, my boy, that's great! I knew it was all a lot of— Well, well, that's fine! Just a romantic flurry, eh? I know. Had 'em myself when I was your age. Nearly ran off with a soldier's wife—officer, of course. Gad, yes! But I'm mighty glad you've kept a steady head. You should go far, young man."

"Thank you," I said, getting to my feet.

I WANDERED aimlessly along the Bund toward the Customs Jetty. It was very cold. Habit made me turn into the boat landing.

"Mr. Tiernan!"

Looking up, I saw Mrs. Gorce. She must have been waiting there a long time. Her face was a fiery red and her shoulders were huddled in a thin coat.

"Hello," I said.

"I went out to the ship. But Mr. Horus didn't want me to wait there, and I knew I'd miss you if I didn't stand here."

"You should have more clothes on," I said.

"I haven't any heavier coat. The truth is, Mr. Tiernan, I'm broke."

I reached for my money. She said quickly, "I don't want to borrow from you. All I want you to do is help me to get in to see Jack."

"Sorry. I can't do that. Here—"

"No. Come across the street with me to some place where it's warm."

I looked at her across a dairy-lunch table, and in the harsh electric lighting her cold-bitten, frightened, hungry face gave me the countershock my grief needed for release.

"Did she say she was going back to Jack permanently, Mr. Tiernan?"

"Yes."

A Chinese waiter appeared at my elbow. I must have stared oddly, for she said, to remind me, "He wants to know what we'll have to eat. Wouldn't you like something hot?"

I said, "I'm not hungry."

Her face fell and she said, "We just came in to—"

I caught on then, and added, "You have anything you like."

So she said, "I think I shall have the fifty-cent dinner, if you don't mind, Mr. Tiernan."

"I'd like a drink. Whisky."

"I've been to the hospital every single day," Mrs. Gorce said, "but I'm not allowed to see Jack. English

Tempters
You'll love Tempters too!
THEY'RE NEW . . . They're different! Sparkling tidbits of delightful chewing gum sealed in crisp candy coating. Colorful . . . each rich color a different flavor. Five flavors from which to choose: Peppermint — Spearmint — Licorice — Cinnamon — Tutti Frutti.
Pick your favorite . . . but try them all. Try them today. Four Tempters in each transparent pack. Three packs for five cents.
Five Fresh Flavors

people are so hard to explain things to, and the head lady says, 'I presume you are a relative?' Every day, always the same question, and I tell her no and she says, 'We have instructions to admit none but relatives.' But I've got to see him, Mr. Tiernan! I don't know a soul in this town but you and him. Not a single soul!"

"I'll lend you some money. How much do you need?"

"I won't take it from you. It's awfully kind of you, but Jack owes me money. My husband left me ten thousand dollars. I used to lend Jack fifty dollars at a time. Not that I ever begrudged it to him. Jack never had any sense about money. He's run through most of Mrs. Leidig's fortune, you know."

She started eating. I waited for the liquor. I knew I must get very drunk quickly. Drunk, I am full of pride and conceit and woman-hatred. That would save me from running to Aithra and begging to stay near her.

"Won't you have a drink too?" I asked Mrs. Gorce.

"No, thank you. I hate the stuff, really. I never drank except to keep Jack company. Now you go easy—please. You know, the trouble with you men is, you won't say two and two are four and let it go at that. Jack's been that way as long as I've known him. When we fell in love with each other, I said we should tell Arthur—Mr. Gorce—he and Jack were classmates at the Academy. I said we should tell him. But no, Jack said he couldn't do that to a friend.

"Well, you know how that works, Mr. Tiernan. I meant to be straight with Arthur, but I wanted Jack. So we drifted along, and pretty soon—well, you know. Again I wanted to tell Arthur. But Jack cooked up a story that Arthur had fallen in love with another woman and it was up to Arthur to tell me about it. Then Arthur found it out—and killed himself. I felt terribly about it. Please, Mr. Tiernan, let the boy take the bottle away now. That's four glasses neat—"

"I'm feeling fine. Tell me some more. It's good. It's very, very good. I like it."

"Listen. We'll go out to the ship. I'm warm now. I'll tell you about the rest of it there."

"You love that guy. Don't you love that guy? Even though he has left you flat broke in this lousy port. You know what it means to be flat broke in Shanghai?"

AS I recall, she started for the door twice and returned. I felt my pride outraged and started to leave her. But she came after me. We went to several bars along the street. She threatened to leave me; I tried to leave her. But something held us together—I taunting her with Leidig's blackguardly treatment until she turned on me and said through a pink fog, "You say another word against Jack and I'll hand you over to the police!" . . .

I awoke, fully clothed and much too sober, in Mrs. Gorce's apartment the next afternoon. She had knocked at the door, and came in with a cup of black coffee. She looked old, worried, but she said cheerfully:

"Mr. Karnell is waiting for you in the living room."

"You've been too good to me," I said slowly.

"Got much of a head? I have a little brandy—"

"No. I've taken my last drink," I said—and meant it.

"You stick to that, Mr. Tiernan." Then, flushing, "I had to use some of your money last night."

Dennis appeared in the doorway. His manner was contrite and sympathetic. He wanted to be friends again, I saw.

"Get a move on, Joel," he said gruffly. "We have sailing orders."

"Sailing orders?"

"Yes. Ordered back to San Diego by way of Honolulu."

"Be with you in a minute," I said.

He nodded and went into the living room. Mrs. Gorce started to follow him. I stopped her by closing the door.

"I'm going to write you a check," I said, very firmly.

"Thanks, but I don't need it. Jack sent me five hundred dollars this morning."

Her tone was not as proud as it should have been, and not as happy. I thought she was lying and had no money. I said, "Get me a pen and don't be foolish. You can't stay in Shanghai."

"Here, I'll prove it." She fished in a pocket of her silk sweater and brought out a white envelope. She held it open so I could see a packet of bank notes. But I saw more than that. The envelope had come from Aithra's stationery box and Aithra had written "Mrs. Gorce" across its face.

"You go back to the States," I said. "Let me know where you are and I'll help you—uh—to get a job."

"Thank you, Mr. Tiernan, but I'll be looking after Jack, I guess. Thanks just the same."

I joined Dennis. At the door Mrs. Gorce shook hands with both of us, like an older sister sending us to school.

"Good-by," "Good luck," we said.

WE went down to the street in silence. Dennis was in uniform and had a taxicab. We climbed in.

"Sorry I got sore at you, Dennis. You were right. She ended it."

"Sorry I seemed to preach. Didn't mean to." And, after a pause, "Of course it isn't ended."

"Yes. She's taking Leidig home."

"Leidig's going with us."

"With us? In the ship? How—"

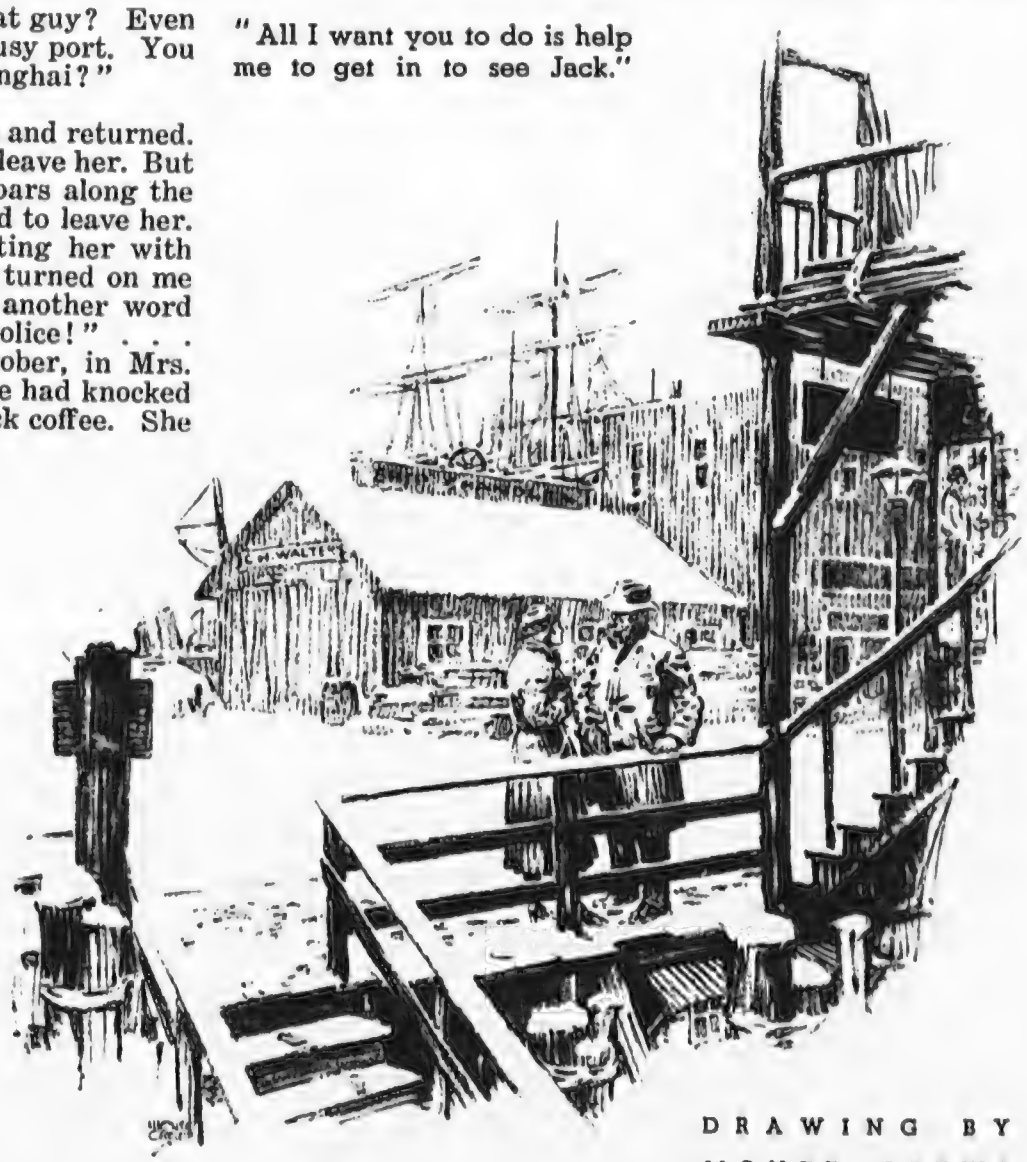
"He talked Hatfield into letting him go back to duty. He reported this afternoon, Horus told me."

I stared at Dennis.

"Nice voyage," I said. . . .

A rumor ran through the ship before our division was an hour's steaming from Woosung that Captain Hatfield's command would be placed in reserve when we reached San Diego, and all our people distributed among other ships. There had been another drastic cut in the

"All I want you to do is help me to get in to see Jack."



DRAWING BY MONTE CREWS

Navy Department's budget. This news took the heart out of us.

Leidig came down from the bridge to join us at luncheon the first day.

I had resolved not to look at him. I was afraid of my distrust and hatred.

"Well, gentlemen! We're out of China, anyway."

His voice had a casual sprightliness.

"And am I glad, sir! I can still smell it," Chenoweth said.

"Here, Mort, let me give you a hand with that meat."

"Thank you, sir, I can manage."

Horus and Dennis and I said nothing. I knew Horus had been alienated completely by Leidig's refusal to punish Chenoweth.

Dorne said, "Do you think they really mean to put the ship in reserve, sir?"

Leidig's voice was cheerful:

"Yep. The old can's making her last cruise. We'd be broken up anyway. Captain Hatfield and I expect to go to a battleship. Mort's near the finish of destroyer duty—and I think they'll send you to one of the cruisers, Chris."

The meal was finished with a few desultory remarks between Chenoweth and Leidig. Our captain did not linger.

"Bring in your reports, Jim," he said.

I looked up as he stalked into his cabin. His face had an unnatural flush, I thought.

Dinner was a more silent meal than luncheon. Leidig began it by asking, "Who has the eight twelve?"

"I have, sir," I said.

"The flag says we'll be running through a big fishing fleet around the islands. Better give me a call."

He knew who had the eight twelve, and he could have left instructions for the call in his night-order book.

We ate with our eyes on our plates, and hurried to finish.

"Excuse me, sir," Dennis said, and I after him.

"Oh—they have voices. Amazing!"

We marched out. Dennis joined me on the bridge when I took over the the watch from Chenoweth.

"He's done," Dennis said.

"Yes."

"Have you noticed his eyes?"

"I'm afraid to look at him. I hate him."

DENNIS pressed my arm.

"Joel, I want you to promise me something. He's going to get ugly. Promise me you won't give him a chance to break you."

"I don't much care—"

"You do care. You're an officer. You were born to it. I—I want you to wait for that girl, Joel."

"That's all over."

"Not if you love her."

"I love her."

"You're just at the beginning, then. Life is long enough to bring you together some day."

"He'll stay between us."

"I thought so, but I was wrong. There is something in him he can't change. You and Aithra had nothing to do with it."

"He's got to leave me alone! That's all I ask."

"I'll do your talking for you. He can't hurt me. If he has to be punched, I'll punch him. You keep out of it."

"I fight my own fights, Dennis."

"Don't be a stubborn fool to the last, Joel. Your fight is right there—" He tapped my chest. "Don't be trapped in his ruin. He wants to start a brawl and get you kicked out of the service and let bitterness wind you up."

"Dennis," I said, "I promise to take whatever is coming, but you must promise to keep out of it. Is that a go?"

"That's a go," he said promptly.

The next day was a repetition of the first.

I TRIED to relieve the tedium by lengthening gun drill, but the crews were listless. Why drill with guns that would never fire again in this ship?

I went below to my room, gathering an armful of books and magazines en route, and read until dinner time.

Naval Institute Proceedings and the Army and Navy Journal were full of complaints about the country's unpreparedness for war and the failure to build the fleet to treaty strength.

"Dinnar, sar!"

We assembled in a glum silence around the table in the wardroom. Dennis had the watch.

"Felipe! Put some more ice in this water."

"Ice machine all out, sar."

"What's wrong with the ice machine, Jim?"

"Don't know, sir. Mr. Chenoweth, have you inspected the ice machine?"

"No, sir. I thought Hal—no, sir."

"Felipe, get some ice from one of the boxes."

Chenoweth made an effort:

"How about some bridge after dinner? Would you care to play, cap'n?"

"I'm game, Mort."

"How about you, Mr. Horus?"

"Thanks, but I'll have to work on reports."

"Starling?"

"Why—uh—yes."

"Make a fourth, Tiernan?"

"I have the watch."

"Oh—that's right."

Leidig's voice, a sudden sarcastic drawl:

"Mr. Tiernan has his mind on higher things, Mort. You've noticed that?"

"Why—uh—"

Dorne spoke up:

"I'm not a very good player, but—"

"Glad to have you, Chris. My cabin. About eight, eh?"

He jumped up and walked into the cabin, slamming the door. The rest of us had nothing to say until Horus folded his napkin with T-square exactness and departed for his room.

Starling began it:

BREAKING IN A NEW CAR ?

Just nursing her along? Watching everything carefully so she'll break in right and give long service? Wondering about oil . . . since the makers advise a light grade for the new-type motors? Take their advice and start with a light oil. But also take the advice of experienced motorists and start with a *good* one. Read what J. H. Beidler of Akron, Ohio writes:

"When I bought my new Olds, I immediately had the oil drained . . . wanted to be sure I was using Quaker State. After 95,705 miles, all that was needed was to tighten bearings and put in a new oil pan gasket. It cost only $8.00."

Why can't you always be sure of such a record with ordinary oils? Because in every gallon there is one quart, more or less, of a thin, non-lubricating material. This quart burns up rapidly, helps very little.

With Quaker State, your motor gets *constant* lubrication . . . because Quaker State removes non-lubricating material by a special process at the refinery, and gives you an "extra quart of lubrication in every gallon."

Spot the green-and-white Quaker State sign. Most places will service your car from refinery-sealed cans or double-sealed drums. Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

RETAIL PRICE . . .
34¢ plus 1¢ Federal Tax: 35¢ per quart

QUAKER STATE
MOTOR OILS
and Superfine Greases

"First choice of Experience"

"WHY LEAVE HER IN A FEVER?"

ONCE she hungered for his morning good-bye kiss. But lately the smudge from that venomous chimney leaves her hungering only for plenty of fresh air.

He can keep his bride and keep his briar—with a little consideration for them both. Ream out the old pipe, friend! Ram a cleaner through the stem. Fill up with Sir Walter Raleigh. And settle down to a second honeymoon. This mild mixture of Kentucky Burleys is a cool-burning, slow-burning, well-aged tobacco that is indescribably milder. It has brought families and friends closer. It certainly is bringing a new favor to indoor smoking. And making quite a reputation for itself on the way. Try it!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. L-44.

Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

"Look here, Chenoweth. You needn't have tried to pass the buck to me on the ice-machine breakdown. That's old stuff and it doesn't go with me any more."

"Oh, no? You're being a little impertinent, aren't you?"

"Call it anything you like. And here's another thing: you put me on the spot before Leidig. I didn't want to play bridge with you and that dumb bunny Dorne, and you knew it."

"All right. Go and tell him you won't play. Tell him you're too good to play in such company."

"I'm too good to associate with a heel like you."

Chenoweth jumped to his feet. Starling scrambled up.

"You'll apologize for that!"

"You make me!"

I reached over and grabbed Starling's coat.

"Pipe down, both of you," I said; and then, to Starling, "Settle it when we reach San Diego. You can't get a break here, kid."

"Who can't get a break here?"

I turned and saw Leidig. For an instant I looked him full in the face. I saw his outthrust jaw and wide, twisted, contemptuous mouth. His eyes had a glitter, a fixed stare.

"Who can't get a break here?" he demanded again.

I shifted my gaze to the wardroom wall and said nothing.

"Mort! What's all this about?"

"I was having words with Starling, sir. A personal matter. Tiernan butted in."

"Oh, he did? He seems to be very fond of butting in. Worst damn' buttinsky I ever encountered!"

Horus came in, pretending that he wanted a book from the case.

"Jim."

"Yes, sir."

"We have a buttinsky in our midst. I thought I ought to warn you. Mr. Tiernan seems determined to shove his nose into all our private affairs. Has he been sniffing around you?"

"I've had no trouble with Mr. Tiernan, sir."

"NO? You will have. He seems to specialize on married men. Am I right, Tiernan?"

I compressed my lips. I kept my arms rigid at my sides.

"Answer me!"

"Is that an order, sir?" I asked, careful to control my voice.

"Oh, no. I just wanted to see if you could talk. You may go."

I hastened topside. I was trembling with rage.

Leidig and I were in our last grapple.

"Tiernan."

I looked around with a frightened start.

It was Horus. His stocky figure approached from the corner of the deck house.

"Good evening, sir."

"Oh—yes. Dirty sea. Playing dead on us. Got our nerves in a bad way."

"Yes, sir."

"I've just had a talk with Captain Leidig. He's—h'mph—not himself, Tiernan."

"No, sir."

Horus stared at the wake.

"I'm the executive officer of this ship," he said steadily. "I am not authorized to meddle in private quarrels, but I *am* charged with maintaining ship morals."

"Yes, sir."

"I have asked Captain Leidig, for the good of the service, not to let his personal feelings—h'mph—influence him. I want to ask you the same thing."

"What did the captain say?"

"He said you were still after his wife."

"That is not so, sir. Mrs. Leidig and I love each other. But there was nothing wrong between us, and we have agreed not to see each other again."

HIS stare softened.

"Mighty glad to know that, Tiernan. Misjudged you. Sorry." Then, "Won't you tell him what you've told me? This business mustn't run on."

"He knows the truth, sir."

"No, he doesn't. You tell him. Will you do that?"

"Yes."

"He's in the cabin."

"All right."

I went below to Leidig's door. I knocked. He said, "Come in." I went in. He was sitting at his desk. There was a bottle of whisky on the desk.

"Well, well; I'm honored, Mr. Tiernan!"

"Aithra told you what she had written me, didn't she?"

"Oh—that. Beautiful. Touching. Yes, she told me."

"You can hate me for the truth, if you must," I blurted, "but you shouldn't hate me for a lie. She has been faithful to you. More faithful than—"

His laughter cut me short. It had a sound that chilled me.

"You sanctimonious—"

I turned my back on his words and left the cabin. He followed me, spitting obscenities until I thought I could retreat no longer and I fought with myself to keep from turning on him and—

"Here, here, now, sir. This won't do!" It was Hansen's voice. He headed Leidig off and I escaped to my room. I heard Leidig berating Hansen, and then Chenoweth's voice saying, "You're a little upset tonight, sir."

I was late relieving Dennis on the bridge.

"Did you hit him, Joel?"

"No."

Dennis nodded.

"You're learning," he said. . . .

All our smoldering feuds flared, one by one, as the slow days passed. Starling and Chenoweth snapped at each other continually and wound up, one afternoon, in a clawing wrestle on the wardroom deck. Dorne and I separated them.

Next Dorne and Horus clashed. Horus had fallen into one of his worst detailist moods, and he pestered us all, but seemed to concentrate on Dorne.

Then Dennis and Chenoweth had a bitter scene over the wardroom radio.

Our nerve-racked bickerings spread to engine room and forecastle. There were fist fights. There was grumbling. Donohue and Saprisi and several other bad actors came to Horus with complaints against Chief Brinkman, demanding to see Leidig when Horus shut them up. Horus refused to let the men bluff him and assigned them extra duty. Chiefs and petty officers were short-tempered.

Felipe stabbed one of the cooks. There had been bad blood between them since they quarreled over a girl in Manila. The cook was not seriously injured, but Horus ordered Felipe held prisoner in a storeroom on bread and water. Arturo promptly got the sulks. And to make our misery complete, Dorne reported trouble with a condenser and had to cut out a boiler during repairs. This reduced our speed to a scant ten knots. We were two days out of Honolulu, and Captain Hatfield decided not to wait for us.

THIS moment Leidig chose to appear cold sober and jittery and determined to reassert his authority. He jumped Dorne for the condenser breakdown, followed him to the engine room and ripped into the men at work on repairs. Having planted the seeds of mutiny there, he called Chiefs Brinkman, McDermott, Jorgenson, and Northrup on the carpet. He harangued them for twenty minutes or so in a tone loud enough to be overheard on deck.

He started after me at luncheon.

"Mr. Tiernan."

"Yes, sir?"

"Would I offend your virginal purity if I suggested that you get back to work one of these days?" I made no response, and he went on: "It is a great privilege for us to have a St. Francis aboard, I know. But the United States Navy, unfortunately, is crass enough to expect a gun drill now and then."

Horus cleared his throat.

"I called off gun drill this morning, sir. The men were needed to lend a hand in the boiler room."

"I'm captain of this ship!"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Tiernan, you will assemble the gun crews and drill from two o'clock until six."

"Aye, aye, sir," I said.

"I want the rest of you gentlemen to keep away from Mr. Tiernan. You might contaminate him. He's about to take holy orders, you know. Now that Mr. Karnell has decided to leave us, some one must carry the torch. Mr. Karnell!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Were you the one who taught Mr. Tiernan that tantalizing trick of making love to married women without fulfilling their hopes?"

I CERTAINLY ADMIRE THE WOMEN OF TODAY. THEY'VE BROUGHT EFFICIENCY INTO THE HOME
BUT IN SOME WAYS HOUSE-KEEPING IS STILL PRIMITIVE. TAKE WASHDAY FOR EXAMPLE—
WASHDAY'S JUST EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN! IT USED TO BE DRUDGERY—BUT NOW IT IS CHILD'S PLAY
I DON'T SEE HOW. WOMEN STILL BREAK THEIR BACKS OVER WASH-BOARDS...
IF THEY DO, IT'S THEIR OWN FAULT! MY WIFE USES RINSO, AND SHE SAYS THE CLOTHES PRACTICALLY SOAK THEMSELVES CLEAN. SHE NEVER TOUCHES A WASHBOARD
THAT EVENING
HOW DO I WASH CLOTHES? WITH A SCRUBBING BOARD, OF COURSE—
WELL, THROW IT OUT! YOU'RE WASTING YOUR STRENGTH. I MET BRUCE TODAY AND HE TOLD ME ABOUT A SOAP THAT SOAKS OUT DIRT... RINSO
NEXT WASHDAY
WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO SCRUB! LOOK—RINSO GETS CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER, SO EASILY
BRUCE SAYS HIS WIFE USES RINSO FOR DISHES, TOO

"Use Rinso," say makers of 40 famous washers

A B C	Faultless	Prima
American Beauty	Fedelco	Princess
Apex	Gainaday	Rotarex
Automatic	Haag	Roto-Verso
Barton	Horton	Savage
Bee-Vac	Laundry Queen	Speed Queen
Blackstone	Magnetic	Sunnysuds
Boss	Meadows	Thor
Cinderella	Mengel	Universal
Conlon	National	Voss
Decker	"1900"	Westinghouse
Dexter	Norge	Whirldry
Fairday	One Minute	Woodrow
		Zenith

RINSO is wonderful for tub washing, too. It *soaks* out dirt—saves scrubbing. Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save lots of money! Gives rich, lasting suds *—even in hardest water.* Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. *Try it!*

AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP

Rinso

NRA

Got hair?
. . . have a care

Only 12 out of 100 keep their hair past middle age —a sure indication that it won't last forever save as you deliberately seek to keep it. The continued vigor and abundance of a healthy head of hair is a matter dependent upon constant, everyday care. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the answer. Massage a few drops into the scalp every morning before brushing; at least once a week apply the Tonic generously to the scalp; massage until it tingles and the scalp moves loosely. Then shampoo. These treatments cleanse and tone the scalp, keep the glands active, promote regular replacement of hair. Your druggist sells 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic in shaker-top bottles at 40c and 70c. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE
Look for the trademark VASELINE when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., N. Y.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1934, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

"You're still a little drunk, aren't you, sir?"

"Dennis!" I said warningly.

I got up and left the wardroom. But I could not evade him long. He came stalking toward me on the forecastle while number one crew was at work. His military stride had a scarecrow jerkiness. His uniform was untidy.

"Ah—there you are! Mustn't work too hard in this sun, Mr. Tiernan. Might faint. Might— Oh, Chief McDermott! Tsch, tsch, not too close to Mr. Tiernan, Mac. He's holy. He's the Holy Ghost. He'll tell your wife about the evil wicked life you've led. He'll try to persuade her to leave you. But he won't—"

I turned on my heel and walked aft.

McDermott rejoined me on the gun platform amidship. His face wore a black scowl.

"He should be locked up, sir."

"Only one more day, Mac."

"Lucky that's so. Things look bad, sir."

"More fights?"

"Worse than that, sir. They're getting out of control."

I looked at him incredulously.

"Just nerves, Mac. Forget it."

I drove unwilling sullen crews to their drill. The sun had a merciless glare and the sea a mocking malignant placidity. The ship was poisoned, stricken. She was being forced to her ten knots. Excessive vibration shook her like a death agony.

Leidig had started drinking again by dinner time. Not a word was spoken among us until, halfway through the meal, he said, "You know, Mr. Tiernan, I can't decide why any woman would fall for you."

"Couldn't you spare the others your sparkling wit, captain?" I said.

"Any woman who would fall for you, Mr. Tiernan, must be a slut at heart."

I put down my knife and fork and pushed back from the table. Leidig arose and moved toward me.

In next week's concluding installment of this great dramatic story you will learn what befell Joel and the other men of the Spearman at sea on a ship commanded by a madman, and you will read how it fared with the love of Aithra and Joel.

GOOD BOOKS
OF THE MONTH

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **WHO RULES AMERICA? A CENTURY OF INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT** by John McConaughy. Longmans, Green & Company.

Do the enemies of the people consider themselves as such? A sensible history, full of dynamite. The author dropped dead the day it was finished. Every American should read Who Rules America?

★ ★ ★ ★ **QUEEN ELIZABETH** by J. E. Neale. Harcourt, Brace & Company.

A first-rate biography of the queen, especially recommended to those who have seen the distorted caricature presented on the New York stage this season. Certain to be one of the year's outstanding biographies.

★ ★ ★ **THE NEW PIONEERS** by James Remington McCarthy. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Snapshots of what the United States was like when the New Deal was getting under way.

★ ★ **AT 33** by Eva Le Gallienne. Longmans, Green & Company.

The story of an interesting life in the theater, dedicated "To My Mother," and with all too little about the author's distinguished father.

TO THE LADIES!

READING TIME
3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

CONQUEST of mankind by the microbes may be possible but is not predictable. . . . In the war between germs and humans there is no spite on either side. . . . We just have to kill each other to live. . . . It's a fair fight, and may the best man win—or the best bug!

Those are Paul de Kruif's sentiments. Although he campaigns strenuously against our microscopic foes, slaying hordes of them, like a Cæsar, and like a Cæsar writing excellent commentaries on his battles, Dr. de Kruif assures me that he has never hated a microbe. In fact he says: "The happiest day of my life was the day when I found a rare germ in my own blood. It was the little devil that causes African relapsing fever. He jumped in my eye while I was trying to shoot him into a white rat for experimental purposes. He made me sick, but he gave me plenty of home work. I learned about fever from him."

Dr. de Kruif has written many popular books on the subject: Microbe Hunters, Our Medicine Men, Hunger Fighters, etc. He has hunted germs for the Rockefeller Institute and for the United States Army. He now believes that the success of our militation against the microbes will depend very largely upon our social improvement. "What is the use," he asks, "of laboratory triumphs, when faulty economics leave the world an easy prey for the bugs?"

Poverty, malnutrition, ignorance — they are the traitors that we must overcome, says Dr. de Kruif, if we hope to defeat our enemy the germs.

Paul de Kruif

■ Family fights, in one clan of my acquaintance, arise from the clash between maiden ladies of two different generations. Very different generations! The two are aunt and niece. The aunt, age fifty-five, frankly calls herself an old maid, and she upholds with rigor the traditional rules for old-maidenly conduct. She still believes there are certain things that unmarried ladies shouldn't know, certain sights they shouldn't see, certain books they mustn't read; hers are the principles of a day when unmarried ladies had to be excruciatingly *nice*.

Not so her niece, age thirty-nine. She never calls herself an old maid. She's a bachelor girl. She just hasn't married—yet. In her modern opinion there is nothing—or almost nothing—married women do that unmarried ones shouldn't do if they like. Auntie tries to restrain her; then the battle begins. The whole family takes sides. The dowager virgin insists that the bachelor girl follow her footsteps in being frail, sentimental, and shocked by the cruder realities. The bachelor girl insists upon being husky, hearty, full of life. She refuses to put herself on the shelf. This conflict between the two spinsters, new-style and old-style, stirs up as pretty a family rumpus as ever you heard.

■ Some philosophers contend that sex and money are the worst hazards of social intercourse. I believe the real barrier is garlic. You can divide all the people you know into two classes—those who like garlic, and those who detest it. This creates a dilemma when you mix a salad for your guests. Should you ignore the garlic lovers and leave garlic out? Or should you affront the garlic haters and put garlic in? Why not compromise? Why not circulate among your company, asking each one, "Do you want garlic in your salad, or don't you?"

You may think the easiest way is to leave the garlic out—to say nothing about it. Wrong! Garlic enlivens those who enjoy it; they talk better if you feed them garlic. And I must admit that I am one of them.

■ Forgotten men of American history are entertainingly recalled in the new book, They Had Their Hour, by Marquis James. It's good reading. (Published by Bobbs-Merrill.)

■ Hitch your skirt up over your hips! That's the latest thing! Paris is doing it in such a way that the skirt line dips down front and back, and goes up at the sides.

It looks to me as though some French designer might have made a dress for a skinny lady, and tried it on a Mae West husky by mistake.

Up went the hemline over those billowing hips. "Ah-hah," exclaimed the French designer, "zair ees one new idea!"

So now we have hip-hitched skirts.

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN
LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

It's the SPLIT-

How the Nick of Time and the Knack of Timing Rule in the World of Sport

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE difference between a champion and one of the field in any competitive sport is measured in split seconds. Boxing had its Dempsey; golf its Bobby Jones; baseball its Babe Ruth, its Ty Cobb, its Walter Johnson. Polo produced Devereux Milburn, Tommy Hitchcock, and Captain L. S. Cheape, among others Lawn tennis boasted its Tilden and Suzanne Lenglen. Distinguished champions from Ned Hanlan to Jack Kelly grace the history of rowing.

Each of these immortals was graced with the divine gift of timing. That is why they were champions.

Accurate split-second timing results from instantaneous response of the muscles to commands of the brain. The system works in this way:

In baseball, with the batter at the home plate, the pitcher hurls the ball. The brain flashes its message: "Ball coming. High. Looks as if it may curve downward. Swing the bat through, waist-high."

In boxing, an opponent starts his left hand back slowly. The champion's brain flashes: "Step in and beat him to the punch with a right cross."

In meeting a moving object, as a thrown ball, or countering the move of an opponent, as in boxing, the reflex action is so swift as to be almost involuntary. In striking a stationary object, split-second timing may be perfected by practice in coördinating muscles until certain motions necessary to exact result become habitual. This is true in golf, where the ball is still until the moment of impact with the club head.

Split-second timing reaches its zenith in polo, where the player must tune the sweep of a five-foot mallet to meet a rolling ball while riding at top speed, with competitors doing all in their power to ride him off and block his stroke. He must use a forehand drive or a backhand stroke; must lean forward and hit under his horse's neck. Riding at a rate of a quarter in twenty-five seconds or thereabouts, he must be able to check his horse and wheel "on a dime" to follow the ball.

The most eye-filling polo player the writer ever observed was Captain L. S. Cheape, who rode at No. 2 on the British International team at Meadow Brook in 1914. The Britons beat the Americans two straight games that year. Captain Cheape eventually laid down his life on the blood-drenched slopes of Gallipoli.

He played with an exalted fervor and grace that raised him to the station of the Gods of Sport. If polo is played in Valhalla, Captain Cheape rides on the championship four.

Babe Ruth has been the greatest long-distance hitter of all baseball history. Even now, with his prowess waning, Ruth still can drive a baseball farther than any other man. Last year in Indianapolis, in

International photo.

Why have these men been champions? Because each in his own sport could split a second more accurately than any rival. Above, on the stop-watch dial, are Jack Dempsey, who won his ring battles by his timing—and knew it, and Babe Ruth, who is a miracle man at timing, as scientific tests have shown. At left: Bill Tilden, who can still split a second four ways.

SECOND FLASH that Makes the Champion

by

FRANK "BUCK" O'NEILL

Acme photo

A champion oarsman like Jack Kelly, shown on the dial above, displays faultless timing as well as perfect form and uncommon strength. Such a past master of polo as Tommy Hitchcock, also on the dial, splits seconds in timing three things at once—his mallet, his lively pony, and the ball. Even in golf, timing is half the secret of wizardry like Bobby Jones's (at right).

an exhibition game, he hit the centerfield fence on the carry, 500 feet from the home plate.

In Tampa, in 1919, Ruth drove a ball over a fence 519 feet from the home plate. In Asheville, North Carolina, a few years ago, he hit a ball over an embankment that rose some seventy-five feet above the level ground at a point more than 350 feet from the plate.

When Babe Ruth was at his peak, in 1931, he submitted to a series of psychological experiments at Columbia University, conducted by Professors Johansen and Holmes. Most of these were tests designed to measure his quickness of motor responses by way of the eye and ear, his strength, nervous stability, and general coördination.

Ruth issued from these tests a " man in a million." He called light changes registered on a board 12 per cent faster than the normal man. In nervous stability, power of recovery, he surpassed 499 out of 500 men. He was 90 per cent efficient in his coördinations, where the normal man is 60 per cent efficient.

It was this that made Ruth the superathlete. He was able to swing his heavy bat in time to meet the ball hurled at a speed of 100 feet or more per second, and to meet it out in front—that is to say, at some point in front of his right shoulder, Ruth being a left-handed hitter.

IF the pitcher threw nothing but fast balls, it would be relatively easy for a Ruth to perfect his timing. But the pitcher does nothing of the sort. With the fast balls he mixes curves and slow balls. Pitchers like Herbert Pennock of the Boston Red Sox, or Sam Jones of the Chicago White Sox, can break a curve ball two feet.

The batter has, on average, half a second to telegraph the orders from his brain to his arms, swing and meet the ball cleanly. Since the bat is round and the ball is round, there is about one quarter of an inch on each that is flat enough to be called hitting surface.

A great hitter will bat .350. Those who make forty base hits in 100 times, like Rogers Hornsby, Ty Cobb, and George Sisler, achieve immortality in baseball.

NORFORMS

FOR Easy

FEMININE

HYGIENE

NORFORMS are antiseptic suppositories . . . very easy to use . . . and much more convenient than traditional methods.

They melt at internal body temperature and spread an antiseptic that remains in effective contact for hours. This antiseptic —called Parahydrecin—has the unique feature of destroying germs without risk to delicate inner tissue. Norforms are *safe*.

And Norforms leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor around the room or about your person. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They are completely ready and always uniform. Nothing to mix or measure; you don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn."

Norforms are made by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, also makers of Unguentine and Amolin.

Norwich

Buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. Or, send for Norform booklet, "The New Way," by Dr. M. W. Stofer, for further facts.

NORFORMS

KNOWN TO PHYSICIANS AS VAGIFORMS

The Norwich Pharmacal Company,
Dept. 34, Norwich, New York.

Please send me Dr. Stofer's booklet in plain envelope. I want to know more about "The New Way."

*Name*_____

Address

That Ruth should strike out oftener than other great hitters is not surprising. He gambles on a basis of a home run or nothing nearly every time he goes to bat. Standing well back, he leaps forward when the ball is thrown and literally swings from the ground. A man lacking Ruth's marvelous power of coördination never would come close to hitting the ball.

Jack Dempsey once said to the writer:

"When I lose my speed I will lose my title. The world thinks I won on power. I win on speed. I have better timing than the rest and make them add to my power by forcing them to make the moves I want them to make. When I can no longer do that, I will be beaten in the ring."

Gene Tunney proved how correct Dempsey was. At Philadelphia Tunney was master of timing and outboxed him.

The colorful Manassa Mauler reached his zenith twice: in winning the heavyweight championship from Jess Willard, and against Luis Angel Firpo in the most spectacular fight of all time.

His greatness in these battles may be measured in terms of timing. He rushed at his rivals, and by sheer aggressiveness made them lead first. At the split second he bobbed, causing the punch to miss.

Then his speed plus the momentum of his rival doubled the power of the Dempsey punch. His timing, that carried him inside his opponent's lead, gave him a free shot at an open target.

When Dempsey had to lead against boxers whose coördination was not dulled by punishment, he was not the greatest Dempsey. Tom Gibbons made him lead for fifteen rounds at Shelby and almost won the championship from him. Tunney made him lead and beat him.

"When you block a left hook, boy, jest tip your hat."

Jack Johnson, conqueror of James J. Jeffries, prescribed that simple formula for stopping one of the most dangerous punches in boxing. It was easy for Johnson, a man with lightning reflexes.

THE late James J. Corbett sat with the writer at a ringside a few months before his death. Though hostile to Johnson, Gentleman Jim could not refrain from rating him close to the peak among fighters of all time.

"Johnson was as fast as a striking snake," Corbett said. "They say he could pick flies out of the air. I saw Young Griffo do that. I know Johnson could pick off punches almost before an opponent started them. He would make him lead, and then like lightning would shuffle inside the punch and bring up that deadly right uppercut. Johnson never moved far —just a couple of inches, and his moves seemed slow to any one but trained boxers. But he was faster than any one we've had around for years. And when he punched, his exquisite timing tripled the power of his leads."

Golf makes insistent demands for habitual muscle control which are translated into split-second timing. The golf swing that looks so simple, so rhythmic and smooth when executed by a leading player is really an involved process with perfect coördination essential to success.

From the time the club head starts its backward journey until the ball is hit, not more than three seconds are consumed. You have to do more than half a dozen things, and do them precisely right, to get the best result out of a golf stroke.

Golf professionals stress relaxation in their teachings.

"HIT the ball easy and knock it a mile," is the paradoxical advice of Seymour Dunn, one of America's great teachers of golf. "You can't time if you're tense."

"Where golf makes its greatest demands," said Bobby Jones, "is in mental concentration over long periods. The nerve-racking labor comes in trying for perfection on every shot for seventy-two holes or more."

Three different shots may be cited as examples of niceties in timing. All three were made in championship competition. Two featured the American open championship, the other rang "round the world" from a bunker in Sandwich, England, when Walter Hagen was winning the open.

Needing pars to the home green, Hagen found himself bunkered on his approach to the fourteenth hole. Thirty yards stretched between the ball and the flag. Disaster leered from all sides. He must reach the green, and an explosion shot might leave him short. The ball sat up nicely, but chip shots from sand are ever treacherous. If he didn't clear the lip of the bunker he would be ruined.

Hagen selected a deep-faced club, set himself, and swung with his hands only. He might have been cutting the head off a dandelion. If the club head had gone through one tenth of a second too fast, or too slow, the championship would have been lost.

Bobby Jones, smothering Al Espinosa in the play-off for the open championship at Winged Foot, Mamaroneck, New York, in 1929, made a fade shot on the eighth hole. This hole is a two-shot dog leg to the right. The easy way to play it is to shoot down the fairway, with a stiff iron second to the green. A fringe of trees borders the fairway on the right. Jones drove close to the trees, the ball sailing straight for 170 yards or so and then slicing gently around into the safe ground. His perfection in split-second timing enabled him to give the ball exactly the slice required.

Cyril Walker won the American open in 1924 at Oakland Hills, Detroit. The crucial shot in that tournament was a booming No. 1 iron to the green from a downhill lie over water. A close lie on a downward slope is always difficult, and with a cham-

pionship depending, the mental strain on Walker was terrific. He had to get to the green, and he could not afford to overshoot, for behind the green lurked disaster. He called for the No. 1 iron, swung easily, and rode the ball to within easy putting distance.

Each of these three shots was made possible only by rhythmic coördination of a dozen muscular operations, all within three seconds.

"The hardest sport in the world is rowing," said James C. Rice, coach of the Detroit Boat Club's navy and former coach at Columbia University. "It takes a lot of strength. It demands perfect form. It demands perfect timing. Without timing you can't win. You can have what looks like the greatest crew in the world, and if one man is in too soon, or out too soon, you're ruined."

A sturdy Detroit eight slid smoothly over the course. Rice followed in the coaching launch. "What did I tell you about timing?" he demanded as a splash followed the finish of a stroke. He turned his megaphone on the crew.

"You're not stroke of the bow four, out there. You're just one of the crew. If you keep on getting through first you'll break that boat in half. Now watch it; in together, out together, swing over the center. Shoot those hands away at the finish and swing up slowly. Let the blade come out itself. Don't help it."

RICE was right. Condition, power, and technique being equal, the crew that preserves its timing best will win. Crews that break down in timing soon fall behind to take the wash of the stronger, smoother crew.

The East marveled at the young giants brought from the University of Washington by Rusty Callow a few years ago. A great eight—which Al Ulbrickson, present coach at Washington, stroked on the Hudson to victory over Navy, Columbia, Penn, and the rest of the field. The strength of these towering youngsters from the Evergreen State was inspiring. Their form and timing were a delight.

There are three phases of the rowing stroke: the catch, the pull, and the finish. Combined in the three phases are a dozen physical operations which must be so coördinated that they develop consecutively without break or hitch. There are intricate combinations of muscular operations which demand exquisite split-second timing or the stroke will be ruined, the run of a shell broken, and a crew defeated. All these operations are completed within two seconds.

Down through the ages the moving host passes across the proscenium of sport. In each generation stands its Jack Dempsey, its Bobby Jones, its Bill Tilden, its Babe Ruth, its Captain L. S. Cheape, its great Washington crew, aloof and exalted, endowed by Jove with the divine gift of timing.

After these, striving and struggling, press those who miss greatness by a tenth of a second.

THE END

You'll get DOUBLE VALUE

Principal Greyhound Information Offices:

CLEVELAND, OHIO . . E. 9th & Superior
PHILADELPHIA, PA. . . Broad St. Station
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., Pine & Battery
NEW YORK CITY . . . . . Nelson Tower
CHICAGO, ILL. . . . 12th & Wabash Sts.
FORT WORTH, TEX., 8th & Commerce Sts.
CHARLESTON, W. VA. . 601 Virginia St.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. 509 6th Ave., N.
LEXINGTON, KY. . . . 801 N. Limestone
CINCINNATI, OHIO . . 109 East 7th St.
MEMPHIS, TENN. . . . 146 Union Ave.
RICHMOND, VA. . . 412 East Broad St.
NEW ORLEANS, LA., 400 N. Rampart St.
WINDSOR, ONT. . . 1004 Security Bldg.

PRICES everywhere are up—so isn't it great to find something of real value as low in cost as it was a year ago—even lower in many cases!

That's true with Greyhound bus service . . . and this modern transportation is becoming more efficient, more comfortable with every passing day! Greyhound is strictly NRA, with more employees than ever, at better wages . . . and still it offers big savings over any other travel way.

Many daily schedules, time saving service to all America. Make your next trip this way, and pocket the dollars saved.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

SEND FOR BOOKLETS, INFORMATION ON ANY TRIP

Of course you plan a trip for this spring or summer. Mail this coupon to nearest information office listed above, for pictorial booklets, fares and schedules to any place you have in mind. Please jot down the city or vacation spot you wish to visit:

Name_____

Address_____ 1-4

In the Palm of His Hand

A SHORT SHORT STORY

READING TIME
4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

by
MARGARET K. WILLIAMS

THIS invitation to dinner had surprised Spence and made him uneasy. His host was Edgar Lawton, a man of Spence's own age whom he had known some fifteen years earlier and under circumstances which he preferred not to recall. And no need to recall them, really. A man made mistakes—any man. Lawton would hardly have asked him to dinner if he had known.

No, Spence thought, no need to be disturbed by what was fifteen years gone. It was what he had seen in Lawton's hand that concerned him—for it was suicide.

At one time Spence had read up on palmistry. It made a good parlor trick. While they were having cocktails he had brought up the subject. The ladies had been impressed by his readings. Lawton had offered his hand. This increased Spence's uneasiness. Men were bored by palmistry generally.

Trying to seem very friendly—overdoing it, perhaps—he had read Lawton's palm with all the others crowding around them, until he had seen the indication that the man was a potential suicide. Abruptly broken life line, mount of the moon predominant, islands and crosshatchings in the head line and subsidiary lines all showed it. Of course he had kept quiet about it.

If a man was going to commit suicide a word of warning from one who had been—well, not precisely a friend, wouldn't stop him. He wouldn't believe; would say it was a put-up job probably, with some base ulterior motive. Spence allowed himself a comfortable glow of virtue as he reflected that in this case there was no base motive.

He began to speculate on the effect Lawton's suicide would have on the stock market. Lawton Incorporated Steel Products—what a killing if one could time it exactly right and sell short!

"—and the market is glutted right now," the lady on his right was saying. "The California growers are threatening to dump whole carloads. Such a waste! Artichokes are so wholesome. Now, in Russia—"

Spence wiped his hands surreptitiously on his napkin.

His glance rested on Elaine, Lawton's daughter, his hostess. Cool, beautiful, and young. How like her mother she was! She, certainly, could know nothing of the fifteen-year-old past. She couldn't have been more than four or five at the time. And her mother had died soon afterward.

When he first met Elaine grown up, Spence had decided to marry her. She was precisely what he wanted as an ornament and possession. He knew it might take some strenuous persuasion to win her father's consent.

This evening she was friendly and a little admiring. Many young girls felt drawn to older men, he knew. Could he help his cause by telling Lawton what he had discovered?

Later, when he and Lawton stood in the hall waiting for Spence's car, Lawton's chauffeur appeared.

"Very sorry, Mr. Lawton, sir," he said. "Mr. Spence's car has a flat tire. His man says he'll be as quick as he can."

Lawton said quickly, "Well, Henry, bring the two-seater. I'd like a breath of air. I'll drive Mr. Spence in myself."

As they started there seemed nothing to say. Spence had rarely felt so constrained. Bygones were bygones, of course, and Lawton must be ignorant of the wrong done him, but his nearness was not comfortable. Lawton at length began to talk. Of Elaine.

"I've worked for her alone, these years since my wife died. She's safe now, whatever happens."

AND then, his voice carefully controlled, he said, "You thought I didn't know about you and my wife, did you? She told me before she died. Her remorse and her suffering killed her, really. I've waited all these years, Spence, to tell you that you're a beast."

Spence realized that they were approaching the city rapidly. He could see the lights of the bridge just ahead. They couldn't get there soon enough for him, he thought. The night air rushing past made his wet brow feel icy.

"Don't speak so, Lawton. You must know I'm sorry—terribly sorry." Sudden decision prompted him. Hadn't he also a good card to play? "Listen. Tonight I saw—in your hand—"

Lawton interrupted: "Yes, I know. You saw suicide. I've known that for some time. Long ago I determined to use it for my own purpose. I showed it to you deliberately, Spence.

"I told Henry to cut your tire. I asked Elaine to be nice to you. I planned the evening carefully."

The little car was racing.

"You saw suicide in my palm. Did you see anything else? Didn't you see—murder?" He twisted the steering wheel.

Spence felt the shock and heard a splintering crash as the car tore through the railings of the bridge.

THE END

MUTINY in a 3-C CAMP!

Shovels, brush mattocks, a hot sun—but likewise good humor and hard work, at a 3-C camp in California.

A Lively Chronicle of Ups and Downs Among 300,000 Young Americans Who Are Learning to Be MEN

by

WALTER V. WOEHLKE

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE fifteen mutineers faced the C. O. defiantly. Their spokesman repeated their ultimatum:

"We ain't goin' to work on that firebreak any more. It's too tough for five bucks a month. We're through. We quit." He sneered at the C. O. "We ain't in the army, either, captain. We know our rights."

The commanding officer of the Civilian Conservation Corps camp calmly surveyed the fifteen youngsters standing before him in the glare of the Southwestern sun.

"So you know your rights," he said reflectively. "Sure you do. You boys are smart. You think you'll get a ticket to Fort Knox and ride home to mama and the gang on the cushions. Sure you're not in the army. I wouldn't have a bunch of lily-fingered, yellow-livered quitters like you in my company. But I won't send you home. You signed up for six months. If you want to desert, I can't stop you. But you've got to walk twenty-two hundred miles. And down there"—he pointed to the mouth of the cañon, "the cops are waiting for bums who won't work. I suppose you smarties know that, too?"

U. & U. News photos

● New York City boys off for six months in a camp at Missoula, Montana. They seem to expect an easy time.

"Sure we do," replied the spokesman. "We ain't goin' to desert. We's goin' to stay right here. But we ain't goin' to do no work like that on the firebreak. And we want better lunches or we won't work at all."

"So that's it," growled the stocky captain, his blue Irish eyes blazing. "All right. Sergeant!" he roared.

The noncom emerged from the commissary tent.

"This bunch here don't want to work. That's all right with me. Their pay stops today. Issue 'em three days' rations. They can go up the creek and get water. Give 'em blankets. Issue 'em everything necessary and chase 'em into the brush. And now, you blankety-blank wise guys, get out!" He bellowed at them fiercely. But when he turned to go to the headquarters tent he was grinning.

The fifteen mutineers, all hailing from an industrial town in the Middle West, moved defiantly into the thick, thorny brush. Not one had ever peeled a potato, built a fire to cook on, or made a bed in the open. Everything had been done for them. The camp with its semicircle of white tents, with its cots and warm

How *soft* and soothing

KLEENEX

feels to tender little noses!

SORE, inflamed nostrils! Even more sensitive than grown-ups'! Don't use harsh handkerchiefs, when the children have colds. Kleenex is so much more delicate and gentle. It affords untold relief.

And it is *safe*. That's even more important. You use it once, then destroy it. Destroy germs that otherwise sift from handkerchief to hand . . . then contaminate others. Because handkerchiefs are like sieves. Germs slip right through them. Kleenex, however, holds germs fast . . . till it's destroyed.

Soft, absorbent, inexpensive

Kleenex—soft and marvelously absorbent—is now cheaper than laundering handkerchiefs. It does away with that unpleasant task, completely.

Whenever anyone in the family has a cold, have them use Kleenex. It prevents carrying germs; it is soft, gentle, absorbent. Ideal, too, for removing cold cream. And you'll discover many other uses once you have Kleenex in the house. Buy it—now—for 18c at any drug, dry goods or department store.

Now 18c two for 35c

Illustrations and text copr. 1934, Kleenex Co.

blankets, with its shower baths and well cooked meals, had been waiting for them. Also waiting for them had been heavy-handled picks, shovels, brush mattocks, rocky bush-covered mountain slopes, and a scorching sun.

They hadn't liked it. They had gone on strike. So now the fifteen headed for the brush.

After forty-eight hours the strike collapsed. The C. O. ignored the mutineers' return. Completely cured, they pitched in willingly. After a month the chief troublemaker, an undersized towhead, qualified as section leader. Long before the end of the term he had made himself invaluable to the commanding officer. Later he helped him run one of the winter camps.

This episode, repeated in many forms and with endless variations in hundreds of the 3-C camps, throws the spotlight on the main results obtained in them.

Into the camps the relief organizations all over the country fed with a sigh of relief hordes of pasty-faced, slack-fibered, anæmic youngsters, most of whom had never had the chance or the desire to put in an honest day's solid work, who were in immediate danger of becoming chronic, permanently pauperized loafers or worse. Out of the camps came at least 200,000 sun-tanned, clear-eyed young *men*, who had learned that there is real satisfaction in a good day's work well done.

Altogether, an immense amount of needed physical improvement work was done last summer by the 3-C camps on the property of all the people, the national forests and parks and the unappropriated public domain. True, the cost of the work per mile of road or trail built has been high. That was inevitable. But if it had been twice as high the effort, in the opinion of this observer, would still have been exceptionally worth-while.

Incidentally, the 3-C campaign taught the army a most valuable lesson. Compelled to enforce discipline without courts-martial, without guardhouses or any other form of military punishment, compelled to rely wholly on the personal-leadership qualities of its line officers, the army discovered to its immense surprise that the job could be done.

THE most astounding fact shown up glaringly by the 3-C campaign was the physical, mental, and spiritual flabbiness of much of the youth of this country. Even more astounding, however, was the speed with which physical and spiritual fiber hardened, gained in strength and resiliency in the forge of the CCC camps. The hardening and tempering process began to produce visible results within the first twenty-four hours.

Distaste for real work usually vanished in a hurry under the spur of competitive effort. In every section of every camp there were always a few youngsters proud of their physical strength, of their ability to move rock and dirt. They set the pace. Contests in dirt-moving started spontaneously among individuals, gangs, and camps. In one California camp the champion wheelbarrow artist moved 416 loads in seven hours—almost one load a minute.

The improvement in the physical condition of the boys was incredibly rapid. Out in the sun all day every day, with plenty of exercise, with a balanced diet and long hours of sleep—few of the summer camps had any light except that of candles after the sun went down—the boys developed the muscles and chests of football players. They began to take pride in their bodies. They became brown as Indians. The average gain in weight of the entire 300,000 for the full period exceeds ten pounds, I believe, while in the Far Western camps the average is probably close to fifteen pounds.

HAND in hand with this physical improvement came the development of self-reliance, ambition, confidence, and discipline. Idle and without occupation for several years, a drag on their parents and a burden to the community, many of them—too many—had acquired the insidious habit of self-pity, or its opposite, a perpetual defiant grouch against the whole world that expressed itself in gang activities and constant warfare with the police.

They were proud of this warfare. In one camp, manned by 196 youths from an industrial city in the Middle West, the boys boasted of their police and reformatory records. One morning they displayed on the camp bulletin board a clipping from a hometown paper announcing that the city had been able to dispense with the service of seventy policemen since the toughest of its young ruffians had been shipped to the Pacific coast and expressing the fervent hope that they would stay there forever.

The camp commander, a major who had seen much service in the West, left the clipping on the bulletin board. He listened to the boasts with a smile. And he put up a regulation boxing ring. When it was ready, his corporal, once a contender for Olympic lightweight honors, was appointed boxing instructor.

"You've been bragging for two weeks about what you did to the cops," the major told a group of the toughest ones. "Now let's see whether you can take it as well as dish it out. Get in the ring and put on the mitts. Any one who can knock the corporal down gets three days off and a free trip to the beach."

They had to take the dare—and they hit the canvas hard and often. One of the toughest made five tries. Him the corporal took in hand, taught him the finer points of boxing, and made him winner of the intercamp tournament, champion of nine outfits.

To complete the education of the city savages the wise C. O. obtained a supply of books describing the in-

credible exploits of the trappers and fur traders who opened the passes leading across the Rockies. He conferred with the superintendent, the Forest Service official in charge of the work, who unobtrusively directed the attention of the boys to the history of the mountains as written in the rocks they were moving. He described the desert plants. He invited in some cowboys. And, as a master stroke, he got a dozen of the boys interested in catching live rattlesnakes which he sold for them at two dollars a head. Thus the C. O. and the superintendent turned excess energy, love of adventure, and natural fighting spirit away from warfare with the cops and directed them into an exciting wrestling match with wild nature, no hold barred.

But the system did not work equally well with all the boys. Many of them in every Western camp became homesick. Some had to be sent home; others, especially in camps with understanding officers, learned to laugh at their infantile mind-sickness.

The organization and operation of 1,500 camps containing 300,000 young men was a surprise job that taxed the capacity of the War Department. On the whole, the army performed remarkably well; and as a result of the 3-C campaign the defense mechanism is in better shape to meet a national emergency than it has been since the close of the war. Altogether, the campaign has been a great experience for the army.

It has also been a great experience for the Indian Service, which mobilized 14,000 red men and put them to work on reforestation and conservation tasks.

As for the red men themselves, the campaign was the first real break they have had in a hundred years—the beginning of the rehabilitation of their race.

THROUGH the 3-C campaign 300,000 young men have learned to stand on their own feet. The lesson for most of them did not last quite long enough. Too many of them beat it for home, for mama's pies and the corner pool room, as soon as their first term was over. True, not a few signed up again after a new taste of idleness at home, but nevertheless a six-months term is too short for permanent character building. If the Civilian Conservation camps are to be made a permanent national institution—and in the opinion of this observer they should be—the term of work should be for twelve months.

As an antidote for the poison generated by crowded cities, as a means of maintaining American traditions and fundamental American traits, the Civilian Conservation camps have more than justified their cost.

Life and labor in a 3-C camp, with their benefits to morale and stamina, will be pictured from personal experience by Battell Loomis in a series of vivid, humanly appealing articles beginning in Liberty next week.

Sometimes the world turns against a baby

SOMETIMES the endurance of two strong, healthy grown-ups goes down to defeat under a tiny two-year-old's seeming naughtiness.

And yet, Mother—discipline may not be what she needs. Her disobedience may be only Nature's way of saying, "Something's wrong!"

A warning signal—heed it!

That "Something" may be acid stomach, flatulence, sour stomach, or the first stages of "catching cold." Or *constipation*—for this disorder affects 90% of all children, even those seemingly "regular."

Usually, the wisest treatment for any of these upsets is a laxative, surely a *child's* laxative! For often grown-ups' laxatives are too strong for children!

Give your child Fletcher's Castoria

Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria is made specially for children. Unlike castor oil and other harsh cathartics, it does *not* become an irritant in the bowels. It is a gentle intestinal stimulant—acting chiefly on the lower bowel. Therefore, it never disturbs digestion.

Fletcher's Castoria tastes so good that children take it gladly! It is a gentle, safe laxative for little tots, as well as youngsters of eleven—and FREE FROM NARCOTICS. The family-size bottle is more economical. But remember to look for the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the carton.

• • •

Mother, whenever your child needs a laxative—for colic due to gas, for diarrhea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach, constipation, and for the beginning of a cold—there is no *safer, surer* laxative than *Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria.*

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

Old-Fashioned LOVE Story

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

HUGH NORFLEET used to think it could have happened only in a place like Patroonsville, a stagnant town of ruinous mansions under dying elms, where people with ancestors remained gentlefolk even in penurious obscurity.

People like Gerald Embick, farming what had been his great-grandfather's country estate, living on next to nothing while he paid off the debts that were his only inheritance. Like Hugh Norfleet, wasting on a dying town talents that would have made him rich as a metropolitan lawyer, for no better reason than that for four generations a Norfleet had been trustee of his neighbors' dwindling estates and custodian of his neighbors' secrets. Like Marna Leigh, supporting herself on her slender earnings as the town librarian—supporting her husband too, when he used to come back broke from Latonia or Havre de Grace.

But the time came when Sherman Leigh didn't come back. Marna said lightly that he was going on to see if his luck would hold at the Southern tracks. Thereafter no more was seen or heard of Sherman Leigh; and Gerald Embick was more and more seen with Marna.

It worried Hugh Norfleet. If this went on people were certain to talk.

And then Gerald Embick asked him what they could do about it.

"I want to marry her, of course, Hugh. Not much to offer a woman—but she's willing to take it on. She's been sick of Sherman for years, though her pride kept her from admitting it. But—she hasn't heard from him for months; and she hasn't any evidence to get a divorce. It has to be infidelity in this state, doesn't it?"

"Infidelity or absence for five years with presumption of death."

"Five years?" Embick groaned. "Hugh, I've never been at her house alone; I've never driven out in the country with her alone, except once, when we talked this all over. And then I kept on driving every minute—well, practically every minute. I'm not going to let anybody see a thing—not going to let there be anything to see—that Sherman Leigh might use against her. But what are we going to do?"

"She might move to another state—" Norfleet began uncertainly.

"How? She needs her job here in Patroonsville to live on."

"So she does. I don't see anything to do but wait," said Norfleet. "After all, Sherman Leigh will come back when he needs money. I think I might appeal to him—I, not you—or even Marna. And in the meantime, Gerald, tell everybody, you and Marna, that you mean to be married as soon as she can find Sherman and get a divorce. We all know you and we all know Marna. Ethical standards have pretty much gone to hell in this country of late years; but, thank God, here in Patroonsville we can still believe in the possibility of a clean old-fashioned love story."

And they did. It was understood that the engagement couldn't issue in a marriage till some entanglement or other had been cleared up, and nobody ever questioned the correctness of Gerald's and Marna's behavior. Never alone together, but constantly together with other people—usually Hugh Norfleet. And all the elderly people said that it was beautiful in these times to see a couple who hadn't let their feelings make them forget their code.

But as the months passed Hugh Norfleet began to have a curious feeling. Time was of the essence of this contract; it all rested on the premise that sooner or later Sherman Leigh would come back. If he never did—A man who wanted a woman like Marna, a woman like Marna who loved a man and wanted him—could they wait five years?

One night the three of them were sitting at the simple little country club before a dying fire.

Embick rose. "I'll have to get a couple of logs. You can't expect a fire to burn forever without fuel."

As he went out Norfleet looked uncertainly at Marna.

"You know better than that, don't you?"

"Do I?" Her eyes were impenetrable.

"Marna!" he said. "You haven't—"

"No, my dear, I haven't. I still remain a monument to the ideals of Patroonsville. But it's quite true," she said dryly. "One does need something to reënforce the kindling."

The next afternoon Norfleet dropped in at the library.

"I got a thousand-dollar fee today," he told her. "And I'm going to spend it, Marna. I'm going to send you to Reno."

She stared at him. "Sherman won't come back," he said. "And it's unthinkable to ask you to wait five years. You've got to take it, Marna! I can't stand this much longer!"

"*You* can't stand it?" she gasped.

"You're on my nerves, you and Gerald--on every-

"Marna!" he said. "You haven't—"
"No. I remain a monument to ideals."

body's! We all keep wondering how long— How much are the old ideals really worth when they keep a woman like you from the man she loves?"

"So you'd save the old ideals at any cost?" Then, in

A Whimsical Comedy of Woman's Wiles, and a Bride Who Kept a Secret

by ELMER DAVIS

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

swift apology, "I understand, my dear," she said. "I'll talk it over with Gerald. If he feels the way I do—"

Norfleet found the town appallingly empty without her; he could guess how Embick missed her, though he was too well bred to show it. . . .

One evening when Norfleet and Embick were together in the club lounge with old Mrs. Westerman, Marna walked in. The men rose and bowed; Embick's face was white.

"I wasn't expecting you so soon—" He broke off in confusion; he looked at the others. "Marna!" he said. "You're free! When will you marry me?"

"I had time to think things out in Reno," Marna answered quietly. "I'm terribly fond of you, Gerald. But—we waited too long. Without fuel, the fire went out."

Norfleet, dazed, heard Embick expostulating. At last Gerald gave it up, went out; Mrs. Westerman followed, and it could be guessed that she was going to a telephone. Marna looked at Norfleet.

"I'm sorry, Hugh. But if that's the way I feel I can't spoil the rest of my life, can I?"

"But, Marna! What are you going to do?" (There was a new librarian.)

"Don't worry about me." She looked so weary that his arm went about her; she leaned against him gratefully. "It's you I'm sorry for, Hugh. I took your money."

"But you're free!" His heart was thumping. "Marna! I know it's too soon to say this—but if it would—if it would do you any good to marry me—"

Incredibly, her arms went around him.

"If it would do me any good! Hugh, darling, when I got to Reno it was you I missed. Not Gerald—you!"

AT the wedding reception Gerald Embick had a word or two aside with Marna.

"No one," he told her dryly, "congratulates you both more heartily than I. Marna, did you ever tell him?"

"That we arranged that scene at the club, with old Mrs. Westerman as a witness? That we'd planned it all before I went to Reno? Certainly not, and I never will! He wouldn't like it."

"No," Embick agreed. "Lord! The shock he gave me. When we'd got used to its being impossible, were perfectly happy giving Patroonsville an example of correct behavior—then, when he called our bluff— I was in a cold chill till I saw you and found out that you felt the same way. Only more so."

"Only more so," she agreed. "But I did love you, Gerald, at first."

"And I loved you," he told her gravely. "If we'd—if we'd only given the fire some fuel, I suppose—"

"Thank God we didn't!" she broke in. "As things turned out, I'm glad it was only—what did Hugh call it?—an old-fashioned love story."

She glanced proudly at her husband—a gentleman, with fine scruples. And if she'd had to play a trick on him to save his scruples and give him herself besides—

Why, that, she reflected, is the oldest-fashioned love story of all. I wonder what technique Eve used, to persuade Adam to eat that apple.

THE END

An American Fighter's Amazing True Adventures

Glorious Fourth—Wheat and the Grim Reaper—Jimmie Paul's Smoke Ball—"And I to My Pledged Word Am True"—One More Wound Stripe—Farewell to the Legion

R E N D E

BUT I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

—*Alan Seeger.*

Z VOUS

by

EDGAR BOULIGNY

as told to

WILLIAM ROBERTSON

ILLUSTRATION BY
HENRY
ALAN

■ House-to-house fighting, man to man. Every building was a blockhouse. The streets were a shambles.

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

JIMMIE PAUL had but one more night to fret. Next morning we went into camp at Crèvecœur (Broken Heart).

It might have been the day before the Battle of Champagne. French and British regiments had combined in another hammer blow at the foe. The earth danced under the reverberations of the Allied guns. The nearest enemy trenches were but a mile distant.

Hours of bombardment. French and British had moved in. The enemy had been softened up to a nicety. Our turn would soon be here. I had a few moments with Seeger.

"Well, Alan," I suggested, "by rights you should be getting ready to go to Paris. Tomorrow's the Fourth."

"What!" he exclaimed. "I had forgotten the date. My leave won't come with this party in prospect. Besides, do you think they could drag me away from here? Not for all the firecrackers and oratory in the world. This is going to be the supreme experience of my life."

He had just been given one of the new and rare machine-gun rifles which his comrades envied. It was an evidence of the confidence reposed in him by his superiors, perhaps an earnest that the promotion he had so devoutly hoped for would soon arrive. He was happy as a boy, radiating enthusiasm, pepping up every one. If he had any premonition that his anticipated rendezvous was at hand, he gave not the slightest indication of it.

Never had he seemed so care-free. He gave Félix a resounding whack upon the shoulders as he bade him adieu. Then with Rif Bear and Delpeuch, over whom he towered like a giant, he went swinging away.

The morning of the Fourth broke with the .75s roaring. We hustled out to replace a regiment of colonials. The Germans had retreated. We plunged into an abandoned communication trench near Belloy-en-Santerre. For hours we threaded the *boyaux*, firing at moving forms until our Lebels were hot, for few of the enemy were disposed to tarry longer and fight it out.

Some Women Always Attract

IT'S wonderful what a difference it makes in the way you feel and look when you keep internally clean. Thousands of women thank Dr. Edwards for his little Olive Tablets . . . a wonderful substitute for calomel and so much safer. Try them and see if *you* don't see the difference in fresh, smooth cheeks and lovely skin.

"The Internal Cosmetic"

Used for over 20 years by women who want relief for blemishes and pimples caused by sluggish liver or constipation. See and feel how this tested vegetable compound helps you to rid yourself of that tired, dull, lifeless feeling. Try this! For two weeks take one each evening. Ask for them at any drug store, know them by their olive color. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets . . . 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

LIBERTY

America's *Best Read* Weekly!

Don't Let Acid Indigestion Spoil Your Fun!

LIFE is too short to let one evening after another be spoiled by heartburn, gassy fullness and sour stomach. Do as millions do, keep a roll of Tums on hand in purse or pocket. Tums contain no soda or water soluble alkalies, only soothing insoluble antacids that pass off undissolved and inert when the acid conditions are corrected. They're refreshing, pleasant. No bad taste, no after-effects. 10c at all drug stores.

Free — Beautiful new gold and blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples TUMS and NR—*Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to* A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. DY-12, St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . NOT A LAXATIVE

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. NR

Shell-shocked and exhausted, caught in their saps without a chance of escaping alive, streams of prisoners poured out, hands aloft. Some preferred death to capture and were speedily accommodated. Others were not prompt enough to answer the call to surrender and were either blown to pieces or suffocated in their collapsing dugouts as grenades rained among them.

The fire of the enemy artillerymen was becoming more intense. Just too bad for the Germans who had been trapped in our vicinity if they happened to be shot from behind, and many of them were.

Only a large wheat field separated us from Belloy. It was 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon when the order came to make the last charge. Instantly from every house in Belloy there poured a hail of machine-gun and rifle fire such as we had never experienced before. Men were falling like grain before the reaper in that bloody wheat field.

Theodore Hass pitched forward, gravely wounded. Tony Paulet was shot through the side and lay all night among the dead, but lived to tell the tale. George Delpeuch got within a hundred yards of the village. Then a dumdum bullet struck him in the left side just above the hip, fractured the fourth vertebra, and came out the right side.

Oscar Mouvet fell like a plummet. "Good luck, boys!" he yelled. "It looks like I'm off to Paris, but I won't be out for keeps!" Then he fainted while trying to crawl into view of the *brancardiers*.

No time to be concerned about the dead or wounded. Belloy had to be taken, and quickly if at all.

And what a resistance! Every building was a blockhouse from which rifles and machine guns sputtered. House-to-house fighting, man to man, knee to knee, and breast to breast. Michaud, the Detroit man, thrust his bayonet through the body of a giant German. Before he could withdraw it, another German put a revolver to his back and fired.

"WHIP hell out of them, boys! I'm done for—but I've killed a Boche." He died. But a dozen bullets riddled the German who had accounted for him.

Marcel Collet, whose twin brother Joseph had only recently been killed, was struck by three machine-gun bullets. Frank Whitmore was badly mangled by a German grenade.

The streets of the village were a shambles.

Nelson Larsen of Buffalo died most heroically, leading a movement that undoubtedly saved many Legionnaires' lives. A German machine-gun battery in a cellar had been working havoc. Larsen led a squad to the shattered walls of the cellar and plunged in, only to be shot dead as he entered. His companions, however, bayoneted the gunners and captured their gun.

Joe Jackson, a Negro musician from St. Louis, and Siegfried Narvitz of New York were killed by machine-gun fire as they dashed into Belloy. Charles Boismaure, a New York druggist, was killed by artillery fire at the outset of the battle. Louis Haeffle of Buffalo was seriously wounded not far from where Delpeuch fell.

Plenty of houses in Belloy had escaped serious artillery fire. But the Legion fought as if inspired. A half hour after we entered the place, grenades and small arms had done their work. More than three hundred prisoners were being herded toward our rear, and those of the enemy who did not lie dead or wounded were in wild flight.

A FEW minutes to get our breath. Then forward yet again. Once more the enemy stiffened. As we approached a dense hedge, machine guns sprayed us unmercifully, following which a Boche detachment broke through with bayonets. Twice we turned them back at hand-to-hand fighting, but a third and heavier wave of infantry forced us to give ground.

We started to dig in, but had not finished when the cry "*Aux armes!*" rang out from our sentries, followed by shots, and we discovered we were in for a stiff dose of German steel.

Wisely the foe had figured we were shy on ammunition. Creeping from our partially constructed trench, we opened a fire that almost withered the assailing party. But it could not be sustained. Every man was about out of cartridges.

It was then that Jimmie Paul proved the man of the hour. Hurrying back to the partially constructed trench, he brought out a box of fifty grenades. With the accuracy of a big-league baseball player he pegged the entire lot among the enemy, some of his throws being made at unbelievable distances, and broke up, by his deadly accuracy, what remained of the attacking force.

It was a close squeak indeed for our exhausted men. Sections to the right and left evidently were out of ammunition, as shown by the light firing. Another attacking wave might be expected at any time. The only thing to do was to beat the Boche to it.

"Charge!" The famished, almost exhausted Legionnaires swept forward with irresistible fury into the German trenches with rifles quite harmless save for their long wicked bayonets, captured several hundred prisoners, and, using the grenades and the guns and ammunition taken from the enemy, beat off their reenforcements that started to the rescue a few minutes too late.

Midnight found us still hanging on. Then came replacement troops and we retired to the second lines.

A checking up in the darkness. Rumors flew thick and fast about everybody. Rif Bear had been seeking wildly for news of Seeger. The last seen of him, he was rushing through the wheat field, his tall form towering

above that of Delpeuch, who was only a few yards away.

Quite evidently he had met his rendezvous in that hellish wheat-field harvest. But perhaps he had only been wounded. All was confusion. There was no hope of getting definite information.

It was not until the next night that George Delpeuch was discovered by *brancardiers*, working by electric torchlight. He was paralyzed from his hips down and unconscious. Coming to as he was being removed, he inquired for Seeger. "Alan was shot down not far from me," he said. "I talked to him after he was wounded. Hunt for him."

A few yards away the searchers saw a rifle bayonet thrust in the ground and a handkerchief flying from the trigger guard, the customary signal of the wounded man. Beside it was the soldier-poet, dead. They buried him in a common grave with several of his Legion comrades. Since then there have been frequent efforts to locate Alan Seeger's grave, with a view to moving his body to some other resting place if it can be properly identified. But I choose to think that Alan would prefer to sleep with his brothers in arms at his rendezvous.

MUCH has been written about Seeger's death that is untrue. The one person best qualified to tell the story is George Delpeuch. I quote verbatim from a letter George wrote at my request:

"With both legs paralyzed and suffering intense agony from the effect of the dumdum bullet which had fractured my fourth vertebra, I lay on the battlefield a hundred yards out from Belloy for a day and a half.

"Casualties were very heavy during that drive. I did not see Alan fall and I am led to believe that he was shot a second or two after I was. For I had seen him smiling and firing as he ran only a moment before. I was only conscious at intervals as I lay on the battlefield. It was early in the night when I heard a familiar voice calling, 'Help, help!'

"Evidently the sound came from only a few yards distant. 'Is it you, Alan Seeger?' I cried. He knew my voice. 'Yes, George,' he replied weakly.

"'Where are you hit?' I inquired.

"'In the stomach, by bullets. Oh, God, have you any water? I am so thirsty.'

"I tried to drag myself. But it was useless.

"'Alan,' I said, 'I will throw you my *bidon* if I can. Maybe, if it comes close to you, you can get to it.'

"'No,' he said; 'you will need it if you are paralyzed. I could not ask you to part with your bottle. I can never get it back to you.'

"'Never mind,' I protested. 'Here, watch for it.'

"I tried two or three times before I could lift my *bidon*, then gave it a fling. I was so weak, I do not think it

"OLIVE OIL
NOTHING LIKE IT TO SOOTHE IRRITATED SKINS . . . TO KEEP SKINS SMOOTH AND HEALTHY"
William L. Schaeffer
TRAINER, N. Y. GIANTS, WORLD'S CHAMPIONS

SHAVING IRRITATE YOUR SKIN?

Then here's the shave cream especially created to eliminate after-shaving sting and burn. It's Palmolive, into the making of which goes olive oil.

AS wise old Billy Schaeffer knows so well... There's nothing like olive oil for taking the sting out of a raw, irritated skin. And any athlete, barber, trainer or skin specialist will tell you the same thing.

For this very reason, olive oil in just the right amount goes into the making of Palmolive Shave Cream.

Note how fine your face feels after a Palmolive shave. No sting. No burn. No irritation. That's due to Palmolive's unique *lotion-effect*. This same soothing action also tends to produce a *permanent* improvement in the condition of your skin.

And it's the unique Palmolive formula, including olive oil, that explains Palmolive's full, creamy lather (1 inch of cream from the tube makes 1 quart of lather!). This lather *stands up* for a full 10 minutes on the face—never dries or wilts while it gives you a closer, cleaner, *easier* shave.

New Low Price!

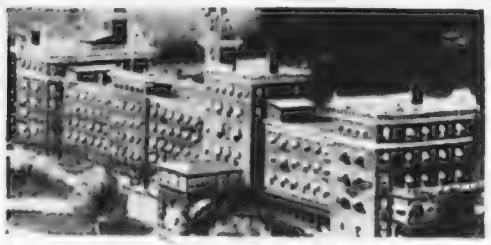
The large 35¢ tube is now only 25¢. Only 25¢ for Palmolive—the largest selling and most popular shave cream in the world—four shaves for a penny!

Get a tube of Palmolive today. Shave with it. In three minutes you'll know why we say: Just as alcohol makes repeal beer different, it's the olive oil that makes Palmolive different from any other shave cream you can buy!

Try the perfect finish to the perfect shave —Palmolive After-Shave Lotion and Palmolive After-Shave Talc.

Now if you have **holes in wood . . . broken chair ... loose caster... crack or nick in woodwork, floor, plaster or tile. . . loose drawer pull . . .** do a quick, expert job of repairing with this newly discovered wood—PLASTIC WOOD that handles just like soft putty and quickly hardens into wood—wood you can carve, paint and drive nails and screws into. Results will surprise you. Paint, hardware stores sell PLASTIC WOOD for 25c a tube, 35c a can. Try it.

PLASTIC WOOD



THE BERNARR MACFADDEN HEALTH RESORT invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. • This resort is at Dansville, N. Y., patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. • If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. • All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. • A beneficent, non-profit institution.

If you are generally run down or have a specific health problem to solve, the chances are that Physical Culture Hotel can be of priceless service to you. • By all means write for full information including views, moderate rate schedule describing the marvelous free week offer now in effect and wonderful testimonials regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

Address Corresponding Secretary,

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL, Inc.
(Founded by Bernarr Macfadden)
Dept L. 4-14-34 DANSVILLE, N. Y.

went more than a yard. Certainly it never reached Alan.

"I heard him groaning, then the clear cry, '*Mother!*' as he doubtless would have spoken had his mother really appeared beside him. Then he was silent."

Alan Seeger had kept the rendezvous with Death.

Flailed by artillery, hurled back in hand-to-hand fighting with bayonets and grenades, the Germans were reeling with distress. At the same time the gap in the ranks of the Americans was frightful. The fate of Seeger had become known, and every one in the battalion who knew him mourned his loss most deeply. Jimmie Paul was in tears. Nock's eyes were misty. As for Félix, he merely murmured, "Monsieur Seeger!" His Devil's Island scar became more livid, his red lips tightened into a slit. A few moments later I saw him scraping his bayonet back and forth on a cluster of weeds.

"Why are you cleaning it that way?" I inquired.

"The weeds, they are poisonous," he said.

A week in the trenches. Then back to Ressons to get our wind. Three days, and just getting rested, when we were marched for forty-eight hours to Lassigny, where we would be under fire for three months.

Temporary trenches were assigned to us flanking the Château Plessier de Reye. An hour after we crept into them came the word that the Germans had attacked a position held by Senegalese troops. The Legion moved forward.

To our surprise, as we poured into the first-line trenches, we heard no firing and saw not a living soldier. On the bottom of the trench and in the saps, however, were the bodies of two white *sous-officiers* and fifty Senegalese. Not even one wounded man had been left by the Germans. The rest of two black sections had been taken prisoners.

Corpses that were in the dugouts we left there. Others we threw in the saps which were collapsing. We remained there six weeks.

EVENTUALLY we were taken back into the woods behind Lassigny. The dugout we occupied was exceptionally deep. Ba-loom! Ba-loom! Ba-loom! Some shells signaled an approaching bombardment by falling just behind us. I made for the telephone. Whiz! Bang! Another projectile zinged over my shoulder.

"Everybody in saps," came the telephoned order. I remained at the main entrance until the men were in, then began to descend the fifteen-foot stairway. Five seconds later the crack of doom seemed to ring out and I was catapulted to the bottom of the sap.

Showering earth, strangling dust, candles extinguished, and wild frenzy.

We were buried alive.

The walls were trickling until we were almost knee-deep in granulated earth. But if we worked fast maybe we could get out of this hell hole—that is, if we kept our heads. Some one had a match. We fumbled for one of the precious candles and found it. Every one was accounted for and unhurt, thus far. We staggered up the half-blocked staircase as far as possible and dug madly, though we realized that a misdirected shovel might bring the whole works down upon us.

God, how fast we worked!—coughing, sputtering, eyes and ears filled with the dirt which kept raining on us. We knew we were making progress. Then—was this the end?—a small avalanche poured in at the entrance. All our digging must be done over again.

The air was getting so foul that the feeble candles flickered and threatened utter darkness. Two went out, but—the saints be praised!—they took the match again.

MORE progress! Then another landslide. At first it appeared to have us blocked almost hopelessly. But what was that? Light? Sure enough. And not from a candle. A little beam streaking through up above us. We toiled like ants. We heard voices. Comrades were digging for us from above. At last there was an opening large enough to wallow through. Hurrah! Two of the boys had found their way out. They were helping the others. One by one, hands reached down through the excavation. We were saved just as it seemed certain we were to die.

November rolled around. We marched back to the Somme and found ourselves quartered again by the sugarhouse of Dempierre. Crosses everywhere. Many of them marked the resting places of our warmest friends.

We searched for these. A few had been marked.

Nock, Chatkoff, Jimmie Paul, Demetri, and I looked for Seeger's grave. It was useless. The fiery tornado had even obliterated the hill on which he slept.

Our previous acquaintance with the Somme had been in the fiery heat of July. Now we found a hell of ice and mud and blood. Our entire sector was a swamp. We lived and had our being in the devilish Ravin de la Mort. Our nerves were becoming shredded. Well indeed it was that we were hardened like savages or we would all have died in this hell hole.

Next we relieved an outfit in the trenches before Belloy. It was December and the cold was more intense. Cough, cough, cough! Everybody was doing it! The Germans were not immune to the weather. We could hear them coughing and sneezing all night long. Some of them were not more than fifty feet from us.

Occasionally, to break the monotony of things, they would shoot out a grenade which seemed to be propelled by a bow gun. Regardless of the way these tore up the terrain around our outpost, they had so far hurt no one. We began to think they could not be

delivered with the proper trajectory and grew careless.

Ba-loom! Ba-loom! Two of the weird things swished by and burst so close that three comrades and I were violently shaken up. We thirsted for revenge.

Ah, an idea! Holes in the side wall into which we could thrust our heads and the greater portion of our backs, leaving little but our legs exposed from above, were quickly dug. Then, whenever we heard a cough, over would go a quartet of iron apples and immediately we would duck into our niches.

A very lively time was had by all for a while. Then the game lost its novelty. I had only one Mills grenade left. I would throw that, then retire from the niche to safer quarters. But hardly had I pulled the ring of my grenade, chucked it in the direction of a cough, and resumed my ostrich-like position when there was a terrific blast behind that meant the bow gun had the proper range. Over I keeled, dazed and paralyzed for the moment. The skirt of my *capote* [greatcoat] was blown away; my lower left leg was split like a pumpkin, the tibia fractured. A few seconds of numbness, then agony.

News that I was wounded brought a number of comrades from the dugouts. Some one applied a tourniquet, and I was carried down the quaking steps of a sap. Nothing to do but to stick it out there all night.

Morning found me frantic with pain. Just before daybreak Félix crept up beside me.

"Sergeant," he whispered, "I can get back to battalion headquarters. For the shells I care nothing. For life I care nothing. You are my friend. I am strong. Can you hold on to my back?"

But the hellish din without told too plainly the madness of the proposal, and I turned it down with thanks, to Félix's disappointment and disgust.

The following day I was to get a break. An hour before sunrise the enemy's bombardment slowed down, and a strapping Frenchman and a Portuguese half his size were assigned to carry me back to my battalion headquarters. There my bandages were changed, a scorching antiseptic was applied, and I was loaded into a jolting two-wheeled cart.

EVENTUALLY the driver got me to the hospital tent. Two surgeons began strapping me on a table.

"What the devil are you doing?" I demanded.

"We want to be sure you don't kick. Come, breathe deeply." They held up a cone soaked with chloroform.

"Not yet," I said. "Not until you assure me that leg isn't coming off."

"It is pretty badly infected," said the senior surgeon, "but maybe we can save it. If I decide we can't, I'll awaken you and tell you."

"That's a promise?"

"Sure, Mike!" replied the doc. So he knew something about Americans! Somehow I felt better at once.

"All right, old-timer," I said. "I'll breathe deeply."

Nock came to see me not long after I regained consciousness. He brought some oranges. Where he could possibly have obtained them is still a mystery. I was too weak to be inquisitive at the time.

Two days after his departure I was sent to the American Hospital at Paris. That most excellent physician, Major Cross of the Lafayette Corps, took a fine interest in me. But for his splendid care and the use of Dr. Carrel's injection I would have joined the great company of permanent cripples.

Good old John Bowe, himself convalescent after a hospital siege, was the second of my American comrades to visit me.

FRED ZINN dropped in to cheer me up a bit, then poor Jimmie McConnell! He sat regaling me with his Irish witticisms until a throng of my crippled friends crowded beside my cot to enjoy the entertainment.

"All the good luck in the world, Ed," he said, pressing my hand warmly as he bade me au revoir. "I'll be back to see you within a fortnight if all goes well." Three days later he crashed to death in his flaming plane.

Convalescence and rest. Then they sent me to Meudon. Next—enchanting news!—fifteen days in Paris were in store for me. By the middle of March I rejoined my company in Auberive. Jimmie Paul, Nock, Nick Karayinis, Christopher, and Bowe were about the only Americans left in the entire outfit.

The French began an attack all along the line on April 16, 1917. The following day our outfit was sent in as reënforcement. Plenty of close-up fighting in the village of Auberive. Our artillery had hammered the enemy punch-drunk. A stream of dazed and shell-shocked prisoners trickled to our rear.

Jimmie Paul, streaking ahead of his comrades, surprised a Boche infantryman in one of the old trenches. "*Kamerad!*" wailed the German, trembling, shell-shocked, crazed with fear.

Jimmie lowered his gun and gestured for the prisoner to join some others. As he did so, the boy half turned and glanced at Karayinis, who was just coming up.

Instead of obeying, the hysterical Boche stooped, grabbed his rifle and fired. The bullet passed through the youngster's chest. He sank to his knees, then toppled headlong into the pit.

Instantly Karayinis was a bull with a flaming dart in his side. Into the trench he catapulted. There was the futile click of a Mauser firing pin and a look of bewilderment on the fear-crazed face of the German as he dropped his empty weapon and elevated his arms.

"*Kamer—*" The plea shrilled in a high-pitched voice might as well have been directed at a flame-tortured bull. The pushcart peddler's bayonet

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

for YOUR PROTECTION

THE TIRE repair shop or service station displaying this sign is an authorized Bowes "Seal-Fast"

TIRE REPAIR STATION

where you are assured of dependable, safe, guaranteed tire repairs for tubes and casings.

GUARANTEED REPAIRS

because these service stations use Bowes "Seal-Fast" Patent Process . . . a scientific rubber welding process that makes repair a permanent part of tube or casing.

BOWES "SEAL-FAST" CORP.
INDIANAPOLIS " " INDIANA

DISTRIBUTORS WANTED: A few territories open to good salesmen who can finance themselves and prove their ability to run their own business. Dept. L.

ADVERTISEMENTS MUST BE SEEN!

Trite but true—buried advertisements never yet built sales. Liberty's make-up guarantees visibility for every advertisement. Others have learned the power of small space advertising. Let Liberty's 99% voluntary circulation—at the lowest cost of any major magazine—concentrated in urban markets—make money for you, too!

STRING your own RACQUET

Same Quality String As in Expensive Racquets

Outfit Complete with string, tools and directions $1.65

Easy to restring racquets—better than new. Saves real money. Send for this professional outfit today. Good profits made restringing other players' racquets. 37 ft. string. Colors Purple, Green, Red or White—also Scarlet and Black Spiral—with contrasting silk trim, awls. Illustrated easy directions. Money back guarantee.

MAKE MONEY TOO

Send check or Money Order $1.65 which includes Postage and Insurance. Sent C. O. D., if desired, 15c extra.

PRO TENNIS STRING CO., Dept. J-2, Harmon, N.Y.

CAN HAIR BE REGROWN

Send today for free information telling about explorers discovery of ancient "Hai-Daya", (meaning hair medicine) from Far East India where baldness is practically unknown . . . learn how in many cases you can stimulate hair growth, correct itching scalp, dandruff and other troubles that cause loss of hair. No obligation . . . all free upon your request in plain wrapper . . . MAIL COUPON TODAY!

ALWIN, Dept. 1704, 75 Varick Street, New York

Please send advice on correcting hair troubles to

Name .....

Address .....

THE OIL FOR YOUR BIKE

All you ever need to take good care of your bike is 3-in-One—in either the handy can or bottle. As it oils it keeps bearings cleaner; prevents rust. Polishes the handlebars and frame, too. Good stores everywhere have 3-in-One Oil. Member N.R.A.

3-IN-ONE OIL

CLEANS - OILS - PREVENTS RUST

LIBERTY GOES ON THE AIR!

Presenting Its Editor-in-Chief

FULTON OURSLER

Novelist, Dramatist, Commentator

AT 10 P. M.

Eastern Standard Time

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

Stories That Should Be Told

15 Sparkling Minutes
Of Glimpses Behind the Scenes in Politics, Hollywood, and other Features of National Interest.

NBC BLUE NETWORK

There's a station within easy reach of your set. Tune in!

WJZ	New York
WBAL	Baltimore
WLW	Cincinnati
WMAL	Washington
WBZ	Boston
WBZA	Springfield
WSYR	Syracuse
WHAM	Rochester
KDKA	Pittsburgh
WJR	Detroit
WKBF	Indianapolis
WENR	Chicago
KWCR	Cedar Rapids
KSO	Des Moines
WREN	Kansas City
KOIL	Omaha-Council Bluffs
KWK	St. Louis (Beginning April 20th)
CRCT	Toronto
CFCF	Montreal

LAW **STUDY AT HOME**

Be independent. Earn $3,000 to $10,000 annually. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 431-L Chicago

cut the plea short as it tore through his midriff, swept him from his feet, and pinned him to the side wall of the trench. The German's hands clutched at the spit futilely. His feet swung crazily from side to side. His life-blood streamed down the bayonet and reddened those clutching hands. Karayinis placed his massive shoulders against the rifle butt and pressed until the barrel itself was wedged into his victim's viscera. Then, leaving the poor devil impaled, Karayinis turned to succor Jimmie Paul.

Poor Jimmie lay smiling. Death had come to him with kindly speed. Karayinis picked up Jimmie's rifle, left his own where it was, and swept on.

Almost at my side, Ivan Nock spun around and fell. Why were those devilish bullets always bringing down the friends I loved most! I remembered Ivan's visit to my cot with those oranges. My conscience tortured me because I could not pause for a moment. But there was the section to direct.

On into the ruins of the village. Sporadic advances. Independent labyrinth fighting. Hand to hand with bayonets.

Dueling at point-blank range. Grenading. Mopping up. Three days and nights of slaughter.

Gradually the resistance weakened. Prisoners flooded to the rear. Into our midst marched fresh troops. We were booked for welcome repose.

But something besides the longed-for rest awaited me. Orders were telegraphed to my captain: I was to report immediately to Lyons and place myself at the disposal of the aviation service.

Thrilled when the word was first broken to me, I quickly experienced reaction. I had come to love the Legion and its members. If there had been one soul to insist even feebly that I remain with the old outfit I should have stayed, no doubt. For, after all, I was and ever shall be a Legionnaire *in spirit*.

. . . . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: After three months' training in aviation, Edgar Bouligny was sent to Albania. There, in his first fight, he shot down an enemy plane. His subsequent service, though worthy of him, was less spectacular, and he made every possible effort to get transferred to the A. E. F. Finally, late in October, 1918, he did receive a United States commission as second lieutenant — and then came the Armistice, too soon for him to taste active service under his own country's flag.

Bouligny took this picture of a French cross marked Unknown.

The story of his life after his return from France is sad. Three years in the hell of the Western Front, and his wounds, had left his health permanently shattered. Restlessness tormented him; he had married in Paris in 1919, but his attempts to settle down proved failures. Honors and encouragement from his former comrades were his without stint. In 1923, when France offered him a commission as captain, a heart attack prevented his going to Morocco to fight against Abd-el-Krim. It was in 1931 that he provided his collaborator, Mr. Robertson, with the material for Rendezvous, which twelve years earlier his modesty had constrained him to withhold.

On May 19, 1931, news dispatches from New Orleans told Bouligny's former comrades that he had been shot and killed the day before by his wife, who had been cleared of all charges on her plea of self-defense.

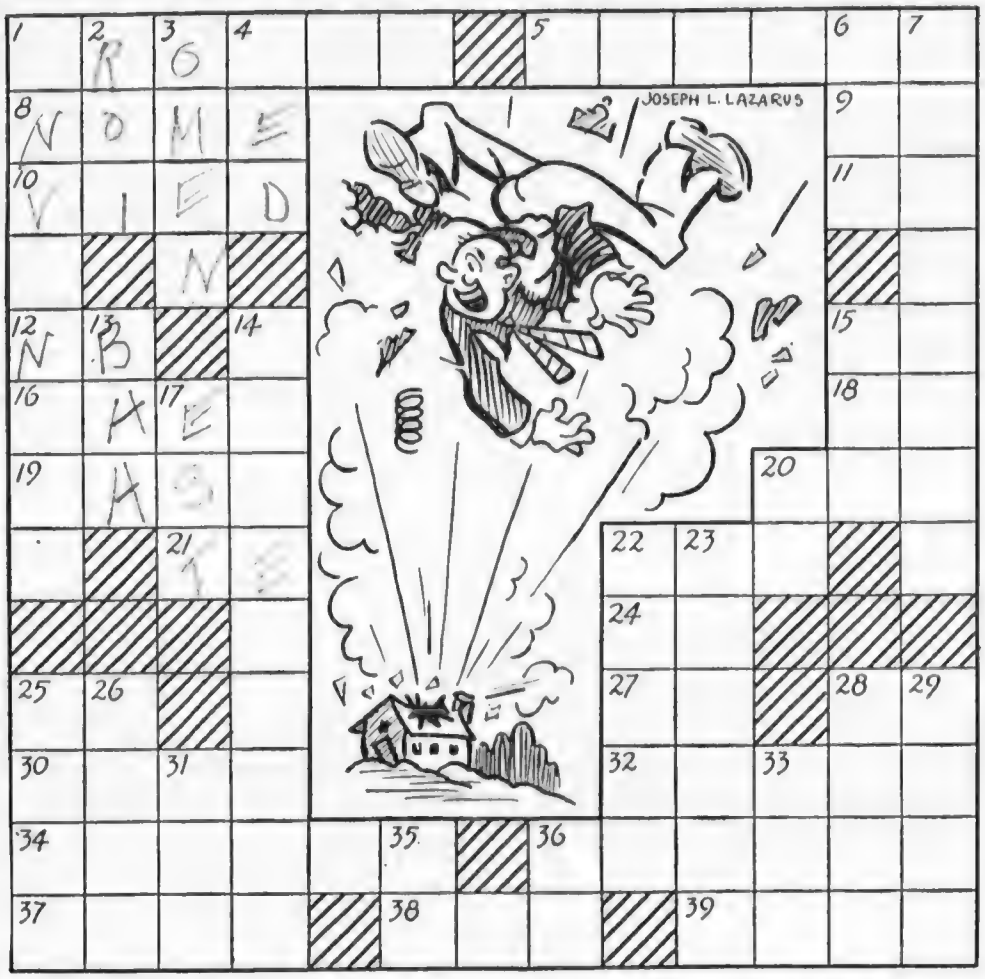
THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS

ON PAGE 25

1—A small hound, used in hunting.
2—To palm; to pass off something spurious as genuine.
3—A double veil worn by Moslem women in public.
4—J. P. Morgan, Senior.
5—Between Washington, D. C., and Baltimore, Maryland; 1844.
6—The first governor of Plymouth colony.
7—A trick.
8—The Bible.
9—Pocahontas.
10—In the Atlantic Ocean, between Iceland and Norway.
11—Rising sun.
12—The scarab.
13—Damascus.
14—Vinegar.
15—The fifth wife of Henry VIII.
16—In upper Egypt, on the Nile.
17—In law, the open, uninclosed portion of the sea or ocean.
18—Andrew Jackson.
19—Silver.
20—At Saybrook, Connecticut, in 1701.

CROSS WORDS



After solving the cross word puzzle see if you can find the saying suggested in the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.

Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 One who presses
5 An exclamation
8 Alaskan town
9 To perform; to carry out
10 Contended
11 Of the (French)
12 Nota bene (abbr.)
15 Exclamation of inquiry
16 Taken (poetical)
18 Belonging to; connected with
19 A malt kiln
20 African antelope
21 Tellurium (abbr.)
22 To court
24 Gold color (heraldry)
25 Exclamation of surprise
27 Japanese measure of dimension
28 Behold
30 Ecstasy (Scot.)
32 Fastened firmly
34 Walks affectedly
36 Land surrounded by water
37 To interweave
38 A successful effort
39 Snow gliders

VERTICAL

1 A contriver
2 King (French)
3 A foreboding
4 Man's name
6 To sum up
7 Young
13 Cry of a sheep
14 Power of knowing
15 Period of time
17 Suffix: most
20 Proceed
22 Operates
23 Bay windows
25 A gallows rope
26 Angle formed by branch and trunk of tree
28 Prefix: mild
29 Probability
31 Girl's name
33 A large ox of Tibet
35 Quiet!
36 Pronoun

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

write it down
faster,—
write it all down:
pencil's so easy,
never a frown,
write it exactly,
all of the way, it's
Ticonderoga
that helps
thru the day.

TICONDEROGA
America's Favorite Pencil

5¢ each

TIP FOR TYPISTS

Also comes with new Knifedge, the handy rubber eraser tip for typists.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., DEPT. 10-J, JERSEY CITY, N. J. CANADIAN OFFICE: DIXON PENCIL CO., LTD., NEWMARKET, ONT. © 1934

FOUR ★ ★ ★ ★ LETTER

FORTY-EIGHT STATES IN THE FEDERAL BREAD LINE

HOUSTON, TEX.—The strangest, most shameful feature of the great depression, for me, is the spectacle of forty-eight sovereign American states in the Washington bread line.

Forty-eight states, each rich enough to feed, clothe, and shelter its jobless, each able if it would to provide all of them with self-supporting, useful employment, all lining up, tin cups in hand, for federal handouts.

Forty-eight governors and forty-eight legislatures all confessing their incompetence to manage the public business intrusted to them.

Forty-eight state governments allowing the federal government to assert and exercise extralegal control over intrastate business of every kind, without protest. Allowing it? Welcoming it, in return for federal charity!

Not one of the forty-eight, not even my own vast Texas with its uncounted billions of untaxed wealth, has had the pride and the grit and the leadership to declare its ability to care for its own, and to do it, as it easily could have done. The states of the old South, that once upon a time fought a bloody four years' war in defense of their sovereignty, are now as shameless as all of the rest in surrendering that sovereignty for seats in the federal soup kitchen.

Early in its career I sharply criticized in print certain Mussolinian tendencies of the Roosevelt administration. My old-fashioned impulse was to defend the right and the constitutional duty of the sovereign states to control exclusively all industries conducted wholly within their borders. I believed the federal government was trying to usurp state rights. I was mistaken. The mendicant state governments, clamoring at President Roosevelt's heels for help, compelled him to take over, temporarily, some of their abandoned functions. Today he faces the early need to kick them off the federal doorstep and send them back to their own neglected responsibilities before they bankrupt the federal treasury.

President Roosevelt alone among American public officials in high station has proved his possession of the brains, heart, vision, and courage to get done what desperately needed doing for the relief of hungry, homeless millions betrayed and deserted by their state governments.

"We, the people," are solely at fault for this incredible failure of American state government. Our state governments are as we have made them—rather, as we, engrossed with our petty greeds and extravagances, neglectful of our citizen obligations, have permitted the professional politicians and their masters, privileged, predatory, tax-dodging wealth, to make them.

It is up to the people of the forty-eight states now and hereafter to revive and reanimate our collapsed state governments under competent management, and so to restore the republican form of government established by the American Constitution. Failing in this, we shall have, and deserve to have, a permanent federal fascist dictatorship of privileged, predatory, tax-dodging wealth.—*Frank Putnam.*

NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: ***Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. The whole purpose of this department is to select, from all the letters sent to Vox Pop, those which the editor thinks of special value and for which we will pay $25. It should be understood that all letters addressed to Vox Pop are submitted for publication as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.***

Mr. Putnam's letter was selected by the editor as a Four-Star Letter and he has been sent $25.—VOX POP EDITOR.

★ ★ ★ ★

THE BIGGEST THRILL THEY WILL EVER HAVE

REDLANDS, CALIF.—It is quite evident the great majority of United States citizens do more hoping and wishing than doing and having.

We *hope* that Roosevelt can lead and guide us out of the chaos of depression.

What are we doing to help the cause so we can *have?*

Let's not sit back and hope and wish for better times and things. Let's play a little teamwork. Let's provide for our audience, the youth of today, the babies of tomorrow, the biggest thrill they will ever have, and by so doing set an example that will be the guiding force of all their efforts, the goal to which they might aspire—that of keeping and preserving the good we have won, and lending strength through our success to them in order to help them win future struggles.—*W. T. Barnes.*

WHAT THE VOTERS ARE THINKING ABOUT

ST. MARYS, OHIO—It seems that the only way a senator can get his name on the front page is to oppose the President; and it looks as though some will go to that extent even when they know that they are wrong.

I do not blame them for getting all the free publicity they can, to make that much-desired next term. But I wonder if they know what the voters are thinking about.—*Walter E. Achbach.*

FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HER READERS

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.—Today I was pleased to find To the Ladies just under the cover.

That's what I call putting first things first. Regardless of its location in Liberty, I always locate and read it first. —*Grace Cox.*

Vox

HIGH-SCHOOL THEATRICALISM?

EASTON, PA.—A letter published in your Vox Pop column of March 3, written by Technology Chambers, has my indignation pretty thoroughly aroused. It concerned the current New York stage success Mary of Scotland, and what scathing comments it contained! Before going further, I hasten to add that I am *not* a critic; but I could hardly let such an absurd criticism pass by unchallenged.

No doubt the writer of that letter has a right to his own opinion, but to tear to pieces a production so worthy of high praise is nothing short of ridiculous. To state (as did Mr. Chambers) that "the play was a piece of high-school theatricalism" and "vaudeville characterization" is to doubt not only hundreds of critics and enthusiastic audiences but one's own sense of artistic appreciation.

No hard feelings, but it is too splendid a play to be subjected to such condemnation.—*A. S. K.*

NIT-WITTICISMS

BLUEFIELD, W. VA.—Your articles are interesting and educating; the novels and short stories are well chosen and are of the highest type. Even the cigarette advertisements are attractive. But, dear editor, to get down to your one flaw, that page entitled Vox Pop is truly the ruination of your magazine. Some of the items, I will admit, are intelligent comments, and some even go so far as to be interesting.

The rest, it behooves me to say, cast a sad reflection on the part of the editor or whoever has charge of these nit-witticisms.

A writer contributes a perfectly good article or story. It is immediately set upon by a block of hungry critics and out pops the result in your Pop Box. Give the authors a break. When some poor writer does make a mistake in his work, why let a flock of crows pick it to pieces when the other 99 44/100 per cent of the readers don't know the difference?—*Paul V. Fabar.*

PULLING OUR LONG WHITE BEARD

VENTURA, CALIF.—Whether or not you have a long white beard or are yet in your swaddling clothes, I like your page, and what's more you surely can take it on the chin. Why, I would go out and get myself a machine gun for some of those backbiters. How any one can buy and read a magazine, and then take the trouble to write and say the things they do just to get their letters in the same magazine they are panning, is more than I can see.

Go on your way putting out the best little magazine in the world for a nickel of any man's money, you old gray-whiskered rascal!—*P. B. R.*

Pop

FAREWELL TO THRIFT

DELAND, FLA.—

The thrifty guy is out of style;
The nation needs more spenders;
Each one is urged to blow his coin
On money-slinging benders.

Old banking's gone for good and all
Since no deposit lingers;
Now every dollar that we earn
We let slip through our fingers.

The thrift-stamp song's no longer heard;
The waster's emulated.
"A penny saved—" is silly stuff
From which we've graduated.

The goats are where the sheep were once
So proudly segregated;
The odor of this righteous pen
Old Thrift's asphyxiated.

We save no dimes nor gather moss
For hardships when pep molders.
We live a life of gayety
As bounding, rolling boulders.

For we must spend to promote trade;
Must pay our tax and bounty;
Then when we're old we shall need naught—
We'll live upon the county.

—*C. E. Stewart.*

DIG IN

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. — Your plan to take needy families to the country is excellent.

There are, though, many thousands of good city-born mechanics who do not take to the dirt, and besides will soon be wanted back in the cities to work on new jobs and repairs.

Right now in our cities and towns are thousands of good sound houses, apartments, and stores that are in bad condition because rentals are inadequate and owners' credit is insufficient to finance repair work.

If the RFC would lend to owners to make these needed repairs and some minor replacements, two thirds of the money would go for labor to mechanics who are now out of work or are working on some kind of dole job, and the money would be paid back.—*H. E. Swope.*

READING TIME: 5 SECONDS

KIMBERLEY, B. C.—Your notations of time required and the fact that each item is completed on consecutive pages is so superlative that I am amazed your competitors have dared not copy you. (I should think their advertisers would insist on it.)—*R. G. Lester.*

GETTING THE TRUTH TO THE PEOPLE

WICHITA, KAN.—First: I want to compliment Liberty for using its pages in furthering the cause of an honest man, the most sincerely honest man this country has had in the White House since I can remember.

Second: Because Liberty has in the past two years accepted and published articles that are of profound interest to the great masses of the people, through its editorials and feature articles.

Third: Jay Franklin's Is Roosevelt Going Socialist? in the March 10 issue is one of the best I have ever read. We want more like it. It tells the truth, and is getting the truth to the people, who must decide which way they are to turn and whom to believe when the old hard-shells come out with their *fear* propaganda in the coming elections as they did in 1932.

I live in conservative Republican Kansas, which gave Roosevelt a 70,000 majority in 1932, and if the G. O. P. (grand old prevaricators) brings out an Oggie Mills or one of his kind we shall support him to the tune of 150,000 for Roosevelt in 1936.—*Erwin Wynn.*

HOVERING TRUTH

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The issue of March 10 made this statement: "Anna Sten, Russian-Born," etc. In my estimation it should have read, "Anna Sten, Ukrainian-Born," etc. For any one knows that Kiev is the capital of Ukraine, just as Washington is the capital of the United States, and therefore a person born in or around Kiev surely stands a better chance of being Ukrainian than something else. — *David Chmelyr.*

"Oh, John, what entertaining letters Mrs. Brown uses for bookmarks!"

HE BLESSED A PEDESTRIAN

BROOKLINE, PA.—I have walked and dodged and jumped and cussed.

I have driven and honked and braked and cussed.

Thus, knowing the difficulties of both sides, I suggest a movement to educate the public to wear or carry something white when walking on the cartway of any road at night.

I carry a handkerchief open, and have been thanked by motorists.

Also, when driving, I have blessed a pedestrian for carrying a newspaper.

Ministers, priests, teachers, etc., can assist by advertising this simple method of avoiding accidents.

The pedestrian has his rights, but what good are they if the motorist cannot see him until it is too late?—*J. W. Galloway.*

ASK THE MAN WHO SEES ONE

DENVER, COLO.—Nudism has of late come strongly into the limelight. The outstanding question that presents itself is, of course, this: Would such intimate commingling of the sexes encourage or discourage immorality? If, as the nudists would have us believe, their cult has been organized primarily for health reasons, it would seem that sufficient sunshine and oxygen could be absorbed without exposing the body.

"Evil to him who evil thinks," you say. The quotation is smug, trite, and utterly meaningless. One's thoughts are not completely one's own.

What we think is suggested or stimulated by what we see and hear. Else why would stores have display windows?

Could any of us escape wanting to own a beautiful shiny new car if it were flaunted wherever the eye rested? Why would not the same hold true in a nudist colony?

Assuming, of course, that the nudists are healthy, normal human beings with natural instincts and impulses.—*David Keene.*

UNNOTICED AND UNHERALDED

MARION, N. C.—Just a word about a seemingly unnoticed and unheralded bit of star reading matter which has been so interestingly and selectively chosen and published by the editors of Liberty.

I am referring to nothing other than the Short Short Story. If a questionnaire were mailed to the representative readers of Liberty referring to this type of story, I wonder just what percentage would be returned indorsing this form of literature?—*Hugh Beam.*

TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT

BUTTE, MONT.—I am a traveling salesman and have been in every state in the Union. I have discussed the political situation with hundreds of people—and many of them were officeholders of state, city, and United States government positions—and will say this: that if twenty-five per cent of the people of the United States saw this situation as I have *seen* it there would have been a revolution a long time ago.—*Bud Ellis.*

$3,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

YOU CAN WIN A SUBSTANTIAL AWARD!

333 PRIZES TO TRY FOR
BEGIN YOUR ENTRY TODAY AND GET INTO THE MONEY

SET No. 2 of Liberty's Game of States challenges you on this page. If you failed to get into the race last week, don't delay a second time. Get busy right now. Indecision may cost you a substantial award. You can't win unless you enter. If you enter, your chance to win is excellent. You've nothing to lose and everything to gain. The rules below give all necessary instructions. See the lower right corner for late-entry information.

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
100 PRIZES, each $10	1,000
230 PRIZES, each $5	1,150
333 PRIZES—TOTAL	$3,000

THE RULES

1. Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States: a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.

2. You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.

3. When you have done this with all the 48 maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4. Liberty will pay $3,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

5. This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

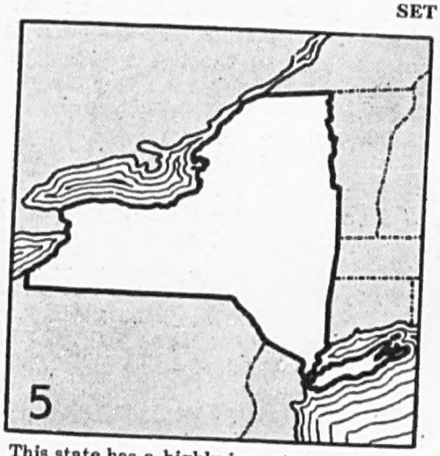
6. Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by the close of business July 11, 1934.

7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post-office-box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Registered mail will not be received. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.

SET NO. 2



This state has a highly important outlet to the sea, though it is mostly inland. A group of states famous in historical interest lies to its east.

Name of state.....

Bounded by.....

.....

.....

.....

This state is bisected by a mighty river and was territory alternately claimed by Spain and France before purchase by the United States.

Name of state.....

Bounded by.....

.....

.....

.....

A wild rose is the flower of this state. One river flows along its entire eastern side, while two others separate it from its neighbors on the west.

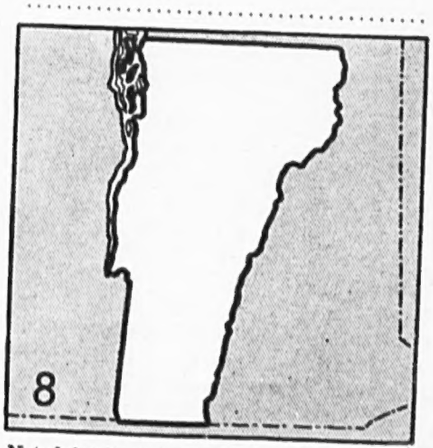
Name of state.....

Bounded by.....

.....

.....

.....



Noted for its stone quarries, this state has a famous range of mountains after which some of the Revolutionary soldiers took their nickname.

Name of state.....

Bounded by.....

.....

.....

.....

TO LATE ENTRIES!

After you have identified the four states above, if you did not save last week's set Liberty will supply it. Simply send a note or post card addressed to Late Entry Clerk, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and a reprint of Set No. 1 will be mailed without charge to you.

It Happens

WHEN YOU HATE IT TO HAPPEN!

UM... BACON! HELEN, YOU ALWAYS COOK BACON SO IT TASTES JUST THE WAY I LOVE IT... YOU NEVER FAIL.
NO, ED... THIS TIME I FAILED YOU... MAYBE THIS BACON WASN'T SMOKED RIGHT, OR WAS TOO FAT... ANYWAY, IT'S JUST A POOR BACON!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN! ISN'T THIS OUR REGULAR BACON?
NO... I'M SORRY... I MADE AN EXPENSIVE EXPERIMENT TODAY... TRIED BACON PACKED BY SOMEONE I NEVER HEARD OF. IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

It Happens
TO SAVE MONEY, IF YOU BUY GOODS OF KNOWN QUALITY!
What's true of bacon is true of radios, perfumes, groceries... *everything* you buy. It is better to spend your money on a brand you are *sure* is good... and "bring home the bacon", than to spend your money on doubtful brands... and bring home a disappointment!
Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

– as we go along

We believe you'll enjoy them

Chesterfield

they're MILDER
they TASTE BETTER

© 1934, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.